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SIR BEVES OF HAMTOUN.

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The Romance of



Sir Beves of Hamtoun.

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SIR BEVES OF HAMTOUN:

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS.

PRINTED AT EDINBURGH:

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

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TO THE

Members of the Maitland Club

BY

WILLIAM B. D. D. TURNBULL.

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE valiant exploits of SIR BEVIS of SOUTHAMPTON, his exemplary virtues and most chaste conjugality, the beauty of his fair JOSIAN, and the many perilous adventures which he encountered, have supplied, during several ages, a theme for the poets of chivalry, and the narrators of those "worthie faictes and gestes of armes," which equally excite the enthusiastic fancy of youth, and smooth the heart-furrows of declining age. To the inquisitive genealogist, or patient garnerer-up of family-facts, little satisfaction pertaining to the house of our hero can be afforded, beyond that evidenced by the pages of romance; and, perhaps, in order to save much expense of time and final discomfiture, it may be as prudent to waive the general question of pedigree, and confine ourselves to the notice set down by Doctor Fuller, in his "History of the Worthies of England," in that portion allotted to the "Souldiers of Hantshire."

"BEAVOIS, an *English-man*, was Earle of South-Hampton, in the time of the Conqueror; and, being unable to comport with

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his *oppression*, banded against him, with the *fragments* of the *English-men*, the strength of *Hastings* the *Dane*, and all the assistance the *Welch* could afford; in whose country a battel was fought near Carcliffe, against the *Normans*, anno Domini 1070, wherein *Three* Nations were conquered by *One*. *Beavois* being worsted (*Success* depends not on *Valour*), fled to *Carlile* (a long step from *Carcliffe*); and afterwards no mention what became of him.

" This is that *Beavois* whom the monks cried up to be *such a man*, that since it hath been questioned whether ever *such a man*, I mean, whether ever his person was *in rerum natura*; so ingenious those are, who, in the reports of any man's performances, exceed the *bounds* of *probability*.

" All I will add is this, that the sword preserved and shewed to be this *Beavoises* in Arundel-Castle, is lesser (perchance worn with age) than that of King Edward the Third, kept in Westminster-church."

So far plain *History*. The *Fiction* will probably prove more attractive.

The metrical version contained in the following pages is now for the first time printed from the Auchinleck Manuscript, in the Advocates' Library. It is No. 26 in the volume, and occupies twenty-five folios, complete. After the first three leaves, the versification changes into rhyming couplets, and continues throughout in the same measure. By an omission on the part of the writer of the manuscript, the thread of the narrative is

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interrupted at page 89 (of the printed copy), and the defect is here supplied from the prose version of 1689, which in this and other places varies considerably from the metrical.

The prose romance informs us that King "Jour" being gone a-hunting, when Bevis arrived at the city of Mombraunt, it was agreed between Josian and the latter, that, "upon her declaring her self to be a pure virgin, that the King being absent, he should take her thence to any land, where ever he pleased, and thereupon ordered at his request, her Page to fetch his horse Arundel (who hearing his Master's voice had broke his chains) his Sword Morglay, and his Armour he left in the City, and to prepare her Equipage instantly; which being all in a readiness they mounted, and mounting the Page, who would accompany his Queen, upon the Horse Sir Bevis left in the Inn, they with much joy and secrecy departed the City; but far had not they gone, but they perceived the Country in pursuit of them, upon notice the Queen was missing; whereupon Sir Bevis would have turned back, to have fought the pursuers, whilst the Queen and her Page, might have opportunity to escape; but she being as careful of his safety, as her own, would not consent; but rather chose to make what speed they could out of the Territories of the King; and so successful they were, that by passing through Forrests and By-ways, they lost the pursuers; but now night coming on, and the Queen being weary, and no house near, they were obliged to take up their lodging in a Rocky cave: But whilst Sir Bevis was gone in search of such provision as that wild place afforded, a Lyon and a Lyoness entred, it being it seems the place of their repose, to defend them against whom,

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Boniface the Queens Page drew his sword, and maintained a stout Combat, in hope Sir Bevis might in the mean time come to his rescue; but he not doing it, and the other proving too weak, was immediately devoured; but the Queen protected by her Royalty, as the Daughter of a King, and her unspotted Virginity remained safe; but no sooner Sir Bevis approached the Cave, but she cryed out to him to fly and save his life, giving him to understand the danger, and what else had happened, but his dauntless courage could not be afraid, for resolutely entring, as suspecting his fair Mistress in more danger than she was, he came upon them with such fury, that after a long Combat, not without receiving several gripes and wounds, he laid them dead at her feet; and by this he was farther confirmed that she had preserved her Virginity, notwithstanding she had been seaven years a Bride, and thereupon enquired with intermixtures of many tender kisses, by what means she had done it, who accordingly told him how it happened: and so having refreshed themselves with some Venison he had brought, which they roasted in the Cave, the fair Queen, such is the power of love, condescending to cook it. The next morning, when the Sun-beams began to dart from the East, they mounted and kept on their way." Of this virginal paction,—the devouring of poor Boniface,—and the sylvan *cuisine*, we are deprived by the scribe of the Auchinleck MS.

It is worthy of note, that the romance of Sir Bevis affords the only proof—but a satisfactory one—of the existence of female itinerant minstrels in the middle ages. This is shown by M. Paulin Paris to have been the case in the two most

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highly cultivated centuries of romantic poetry; and in support of his assertion, he cites the French metrical version, which appears to have been written about the middle of the 13th century. The passage may be found in *l'Histoire Littéraire de la France*, tom. xviii. p. 701; and the incident therein alluded to occurs, though by no means so explicitly detailed, at page 143 of this volume.

M. Amaury Duval is of opinion (*Hist. Litt. de la France*, xviii. 749), that the romance of Sir Bevis is of French extraction, and borrowed thence by the English; and that instead of Southampton in Britain, our hero was lord of *Antonne*, or some other town of a similar name, in France. His words are as follow:—

" Il paraît que le roman de Beuves de Hanstone eut un long succès. Ou en trouve des manuscrits dans nombre de bibliothèques, et les Anglais le traduisirent dans leur langue, mais en changeant le théâtre des événements, le lieu de la scène, on plutôt en s'appropriant tout le sujet. Beuves, dans leur traduction, n'est plus seigneur suzerain de Hanstone, mais bien de Southampton dans le Hantshire.

" Peut-être on nous demandera ou nous plaçons, nous, le duché de Hanstone, ce duché que le roman français appelle *la terre*, les états de Beuves. Nous répondrons qu'on peut choisir entre *Antonne*, dans le département de la Dordogne, près de Perigueux, et quatre à cinq autres villes et bourgs d'un nom à

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peu près semblable dans les anciennes provinces du Dauphiné, du Perche, et même de l'Orlèanais."

Warton seems to incline to a like view. "BEUVES *de Hanton*, or *Sir Beavis of Southampton*," says he (*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, i. 145, 8vo. ed.), "is a French romance of considerable antiquity, although the hero is not older than the Norman Conquest. It is alluded to in our English romance on this story, which will again be cited, and at large.

"Forth thei yode *so saith the boke*.

"And again more expressly,

"Under the bridge wer sixty belles,
Right as the *Romans* telles.

"The *Romans* is the French original. It is called the Romance of *Beuves de Hanton*, by Pere Labbe, &c. &c."

For my own part, I concur with both; but the point is, on the whole, of comparative indifference. The romances of chivalry, like all other tales of fiction, appear to flow from one common source, and are modified by the various impressions of their rehearsers, or the manners of the soil whence their greatest popularity was obtained.

In the following pages, the reader will perceive a singular re-

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semblance between the fate of Bevis' stepfather, Divoun, and that of Lord Soulis, in the Border Minstrelsy.

The bibliography of this romance is so extensive, that in order to avoid a dry detail of MSS., or editions, I refer the reader to Ferrario, *Storia ed Analisi Degli Antichi Romanzi di Cavalleria*, tom. iv.—to the *Catalogue des Manuscrits dans la Bibliothèque du Roi*,—Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*,—the works of Ellis, Lowndes, Warton,—and the other numerous publications bearing upon the subject. An analysis of the romance were absolutely a work of supererogation, as the volume, it is hoped, is not destined to blockheads; and, should it unfortunately lapse into the hands of such, no summary or exegesis could possibly "lighten their darkness."

For the extremely elegant and appropriate frontispiece I am indebted to the pencil of my friend CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq., whose graphic abilities are only equalled by his uniform courtesy and kindness. A faithful fac-simile of the original manuscript is also prefixed.

The romance of Bevis' father, Sir Guy of Warwick, has been transcribed from the same MS. and is about to be printed for that very flourishing and remarkably select association—the ABBOTSFORD CLUB.

To conclude, in the words of the Editor of the prose romance of 1689,—

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" COURTEOUS READER,

" I here present you with the pleasant History of the Famous and Renowned Knight, Sir *Bevis* of *Southampton*, a Man for his Virtue and Valour, highly esteemed throughout the World: In whose many Actions and glorious Achievements, you will find things that may reasonably surmount an ordinary credit; however in perusing them, you may plainly perceive the difference between Elder times and these we live in, which are too much divolved into effeminacy, and please your self in consulting the many rare Adventures of such, as gave themselves up to the practice of Arms and Love, which being mingled in their many excellencies, appear as beautiful and gay as a Bed of Roses and Lillies, in their blushing Glory and innocent Candure, and as the noble Enterprizes of others have stirred up the Spirits of such as read them, to an illustrious imitation of what is truly great, and held in the highest esteem: So past all peradventure, what is here laid down, will not come behind the most exaulted Actions of Heroes, set forth to the advantage, either in Love or Arms, those two Excellencies that adorn mankind; for here you will find our Champion, though early crushed by the adverse hand of Fortune, making his way to Glory, before he could aspire to Manhood, cutting it by Dint of Valour and Heroick Conduct from a dejected state by degrees, till he mounts to the highest pinnacle of Honour, in rescuing the distressed, destroying Monsters and Tyrants, gaining Kingdoms, and converting Infidels to the Christian Faith, obleiging by his Affability and excellent parts Queens and Princesses, to lay their Diadems and Grandure at his feet, and doing such things as have amazed Mankind. Therefore, for the honour of our Country, of which he has so well

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deserved, let his Memory live in the thoughts of every true English Man, and be to them a pattern of Heroick Virtue, that by imitating him, they may raise the very name of the British Empire, as formerly it was, to be the Terror of the World, which is the wish,

" Reader,

" Of your most

" HUMBLE SERVANT."

EDINBURGH, 67, GREAT KING STREET,
January 1838.

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sir benes of hamtoun

Orongel herknep to me tale
If merier pā pe nightingale
pat y thei singe
Of aknyt ich wile zou rome
bener shrifte of hamtoune
pen ouer sen
I ich wile zou tellen al to gadre
Of pat knyt and of is fadre
pre gin
Of hamtoun he was fire
And of al pat ilche shure
to wardi
Orongel pis of whan y telle
Ne euer man of fleish ne felle
Ne al so strong
And so he was in eth strue
And euer he leued pen ouē wille
Al to late and long
Whan he was comē i to ele
Pat he ne wiste hum self wiele
He wold awai take
Gone par after ich vnderstōde
Inn hadde he leuer pā al pis lōde
Hadde he hire for sake
Wele ofte he tok anhonde
Pe kinges douȝ of scotlonde
So faire and bright
Al was pat he hire euer sei
For hire loue hi wip ost and
Vp mepel vurst
Pis maide wlanc of y tole
Fure made ȝhe was bold
And fre y boren
Of almayne pat emperur
Pre hadde loued paramur
Nei pat he foren
Ofte to hire fader asente
And he hum sende peder whete
For hure sake
Pis aspied hire to wiue
Pe king for noping alyue
Nolde hure hym take
Pe was wip hire to fare gin
Inwarde erl and hardi

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SIR BEUES OF HAMTOUN.

MORDINGES herkneth to me tale;
Is merier than the nightingale
That Y ſchel ſinge.
Of a knight Ich wile yow roune,
Beues a-highte of Hamtoune,
Withouten leſing.

Ich wile yow tellen altogadre
Of that knight and of is fadre.
Sire Gii
Of Hamtoun he was ſire,
And of al that ilche ſchire
To wardi.

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Lordinges, this of whan Y telle,
Neuer man of fleſch ne felle
Nas ſo ſtrong,
And ſo he was in ech ſtriue,
And euer he leuede withouten wiue
Al to late and long.

Whan he was fallen into elde,
That he ne mighte him ſelf welde
He wolde a wif take;
Sone thar after Ich vnderſtonde
Him had be leuer than al this londe
Hadde he hire for ſake.

An elde a wif he tok an honde,
The kinges doughter of Scotlonde
So faire and bright;
Allas that he hire euer ches!
For hire loue his lif a-les
With mechel vnright.

This maide Ichaue of y-told,
Faire maide ſhe was and bold,
And fre y-boren;
Of Almayne that emperur
Hire hadde loued paramur
Wel thar beforen.

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Ofte to hire fader a-ſente,
And he him ſelue theder wente
For hire ſake;
Ofte a-pruede hire to wiue,
The king for no thing aliue
Nolde hire him take.

Sithe a-gaf hire to ſire Gii,
A ſtalword erl and hardi
Of South Hamtoun.
Man whan he falleth into elde
Feble a-wexeth and vnbelde
Thourgh right reſoun.

So longe thai yede togedres te bedde,
A kneue child betwene hem thai hede,
Beues a-het.
Faire child he was and bolde,
He nas boute ſeuē winter olde
Whan his fader was ded.

The leuedi hire miſbethoughte,
And meche agen the right ſhe wroughte
In hire tour;
Me lord is olde and may nought werche,
Al dai him is leuer at cherche
Than in me bour.

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Hadde Ich i-takeþ a yong knight,
That ner nought bruſed in werre and fight
Al ſo he is,
Awolde me louen dai and night,
Cleppen and kiſſen with al his might,
And make me blis.

I nel hit lete for no thinge
That Ich nel him to dethe bringe
With ſum braide:
Anon right that leuedi fer
To conſaile clepede hir maſager,
And to him ſaide:

Maſeger, do me ſurte,
That thow nelt nought diſcrure me
To no wight,
And yif thow wilt that it ſo be
I ſchel the yeue gold and fe,
And make the knight.

Thanne anſwerde the maſager,—
Falſe a-was that pautener
And wel prut,—
Dame, bonte, Ich do the nede,
Ich graunte thow me forbede
The londe thourgh out.

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The leuedi thanne was wel fain,
Go, ſhe ſeide, in to Almaine
Out of me bour;
Maſeger, be yep and ſnel,
And on min helf thow grete wel
That emperur;

And bid in the ferthe dai
That cometh in the moneth of May,
For loue of me
That he be to fighte preſt,
With his ferde in Hare foreſt
Beſide the ſe.

Me lord Ich wile theder ſende,
For his loue for to ſchende
And for to ſle;
Bid him that hit be nought beleued
That he ne ſmite of his heued
And ſende hit me.

And whan he haueth ſo y-do,
Me loue he ſchel vnder ſo
Withouten delai.
Thanne ſeide that maſager,
Madame, Ich wile ſone be ther,
Now haue gode dai.

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Now that mafager him goth,
That ilche lord him worthe wroth
That him wroughte.
To fchip that mafager him wode:
Allas! the wind was al to gode
That him ouer broughte.

Tho he com in to Almayne,
Thar a-mette with a fwain
And grette him wel.
Felawe, a-feide, paramur,
Whar mai Ich finde themperur
Thow me tel?

Ich wile the telle anon right,
At Rifoun a-lai to night
Be me fwere;
The mafager him thankende anon,
And theder warder he gan gon
Withouten demere.

Themperur thar a-fonde;
Adoun akneulede on the grounde
Afe hit was right,
And feide, the leuedi of South Hamton
The grette wel be Godes fone
That is fo bright:

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And bad the, in the ferthe day
That cometh in the moneth o May,
How ſo hit be
That ye be to fighte preſt
With your ferde in Hare foreſt
Beſide the ſe.

Hire lord ſhe wile theder ſende,
For the loue for to ſchende
With lite meini,
Thar aboute thow ſchoſt be ſouſe,
And thow ſchelt after wedde to ſpouſe
To thin amy.

Sai a-ſeide, Icham at hire heſte;
Gif me lif hit wile leſte
Hit ſchel be do.
Glad Icham for that ſawe
Than the fouel what ginneth dawe,
And ſai hire ſo.

And for thow woldes hire erande bede,
An hors i-charged with golde rede
Ich ſchel the yeue,
And withinne this fourtene night
Me ſelf ſchel dobbe the to knight,
Gif that Ich liue.

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The meſager him thankede yerne,
Hom agen he gan him terne
To Hamtoun:
The leuedi a-fond in hire bour,
And he hire clepede doceamur
And gan to roun.

Dame, a-ſeide, I the tel
That emperur the grette wel
With loue meſt:
Glad he is for that tiding,
A-wile be preſt at that fighting
In that foreſt.

Yif thow ert glad the lord to ſle,
Gladder a-is for loue of the
Fele ſithe.
The meſager hath thus i-ſaid;
The leuedi right wel a-paid,
And maked hire blithe.

In Mai, in the formeſte dai,
The leuedi in hire bedde lai
Aſe hit wer nede;
Hire lord ſhe clepede out of halle,
And ſeide that euel was on hire falle,
She wende be ded.

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That erl for hire hath forwe i-kaught,
And aſkede yif ſhe deſired aught
That mighte hire freure.
Ye, ſhe ſeide, of a wilde bor
I wene me mineth boute for,
Al of the feure.

Madame, a-ſeide, for loue myn
Whar mai Ich finde that wilde ſwin?
I wolde thow it hadde.
And ſhe anſwerde with treſoun meſt,
Be the ſe in Hare foreſt
Thar abradde.

That erl ſwor, be Godes grace,
In that foreſt ſhe* wolde chace
That bor to take;
And ſhe anſwerde with treſoun than,
Bleſſed be thow of alle man
For mine ſake!

That erl is hors began to ſtride,
His ſcheld he heng vpon is ſide,
Gert with ſwerd
Moſte non armur on him come,
Him ſelf was boute the ferthe ſome
Toward that ferd.

* Sic MS.

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Allas! that he nadde be war
Of is fomen that weren thar
Him for to ſchende.
With treſoun worth he thar i-ſlawe,
And i-brought of is lif dawe
Er he hom wende.

Whan he com in to the foreſt,
Themperur a-fond al preſt.
For enui
A-prikede out before is oſt,
For pride and for make boſt
And gan to crie,

A-yilt the treitour! thow olde dote,
Thow ſchelt ben hanged be the throte.
Thin heued thow ſchelt leſe:
The ſone ſchel an honged be,
And the wif that is ſo fre
To me lemman i-cheſe!

Therl anſwerde at that ſawe,
Me thenketh thow ſeiſt agen the lawe,
So God me amende!
Me wif and child that was ſo fre,
Yif thow thenkeſt beneme hem me,
Ich ſchel hem defende.

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Tho prwede is ſtede ſire Gii,
A ſtalword man and hardi
While he was ſounde.
Themperur he ſmote with is ſpere,
Out of is ſadel he gan him bere
And threw him to grounde.

Traitour, a-ſeide, thow ert to bolde!
Weneſtow thegh Ich bo olde
To ben a-fered?
That thow haueſt no right to me wif
I ſchel the kithe be me lif,
And drough is ſwerd.

That erl held is ſwerd a-drawe,
Themperur with he hadde ſlawe
Nadde be ſokour.
Thar come knightes mani and ſale,
Wel ten thoſent tol be tale,
To themperur.

Tho ſire Gii him gan defende,
Thre hondred heuedes of a-ſlende
With is brond;
Hadde he ben armed wel, N wis,
Al the meiſter hadde ben his
Ich vnderſtonde.

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Thre men were ſlawe that he thar hadde,
That he with him out ladde
And moſte nede;
To haue merci that was is hope,
Themperur after him is lope
Vpon a ſtede.

Therl knewlede to themperur,
Merci a-bad him and ſokour
And is lif:
Merci, ſire, aſe thow ert fre,
Al that Ichaue I graunte the
Boute me wif.

For thine men that Ichaue ſlawe
Haue her me ſwerd i-drawe
And al me fe:
Boute me yonge ſone Bef,
And me wif that is me lef,
That let thow me.

For Gode, queth he, that Ich do nelle,
Themperur to him gan telle
And was agreued,
Anon right is ſwerd out drough,
And the gode knight a-ſlough
And nam is heued.

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A knight a-tok the heued an honde,
Haue, a-ſeide, her this ſonde
Me leue ſwet;
The knight to Hamtoun tho gan gon,
The leuedi thar a-fond anon
And gan hire grete.

Dame, a-ſeide, to me atende:
Themperur me hider ſende
With is pray;
And ſhe ſeide, bleſſed mot he be!
To wif a-ſchel wedde me
Tomorwe in the dai.

Sai him me, ſwete wight,
That he come yet to-night
In to me bour.
The meſager is wei hath holde,
Al a-ſeide aſe ſhe him tolde
To themperur..

Now ſchalle we of him mone,
Of Beueth that was Guis ſone
How wo him was.
Yerne a-wep is hondes wrong,
For his fader a-ſeide among
Allas! Allas!

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He clepede his moder and ſeide is ſawe,
Vile houre the worſt to drawe
And al to twight;
Me thenketh Ich were tharof ful ſawe,
For thow haueſt me fader ſlawe
With mechel vnright.

Allas moder! the faire ble
Euel becometh the houre to be,
To holde bordel.
And alle wif houren for the ſake,
The deuel of helle Ich hii betake
Fleſch and ſel!

Ac othing, moder, Ichel the ſwere,
Yif Ich euer armes bere
And ben of elde,
Al that hath me fader i-ſlawe,
And i-brought of is lif dawe,
Ich ſchel hem gilde.

The moder hire hath vnderſtonde;
That child ſhe ſmot with hire honde
Vnder is ere;
The child fel doun and that ſcathe
His meiſter toke him wel rathe
That highte Saber.

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The knight was trewe and of kinde,
Strenger man ne ſcholde men finde
To ride ne go.
A-was i-brought in tene and wrake
Ofte for that childes ſake
Aſe wel aſe tho.

That childe he nam vp be the arm,
Wel wo him was for that harm
That he thar hadde.
Toward is kourt he him kende;
The leuedi after Saber ſende
And to him radde.

Saber, ſhe ſeide, thou ert me lef,
Let ſle me yonge ſone Bef
That is ſo bold;
Let him an hange fwithe highe,
I ne reche what deth he dighe
Siththe he be cold.

Saber ſtod ſtille and was ful wo,
Natheles a-ſeide a-wolde do
After hire ſawe;
The childe withe him hom he nam,
A ſwin he tok whan he hom cam
And dede hit of dawe.

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The childes clothes that were gode,
Al a-biſprengde with that blode
In mani ſtede,
Aſe gif the child wer to hewe,
A-thoughte to his moder hem ſchewe
And ſo a-dede.

At the laſte him gan a-drede,
He let clothen in pouer wede
That hende wight:
And ſeide, ſone, thow moſt kepe
Vpon the felde mine ſchepe
This fourte night.

And whan the feſte is come to thende,
Into another londe I ſchel the ſende
Fer be ſouthe,
To a riche erl that ſchell the gie,
And teche the of corteiſie
In the youthe.

And whan thow ert of ſwich elde
That thow might the ſelfe wilde,
And ert of age,
Thanne ſcheltow come in to Ingelonde,
With werre winne in to thine honde
Thin eritage.

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I ſchel the helpe with alle me might,
With dent of ſwerd to gete the right,
Be thow of elde:
The child him thankede and ſore wep,
And forth a-went with the ſchep
Vpon the velde.

Beues was herde vpon the doun,
He lokede homward to the toun
That ſcholde ben his;
He beheld toward the tour,
Trompes he herde and tabour
And meche blis.

Lord, a-ſeide, on me thow mone!
Ne was Ich ones an erles ſone
And now am herde,
Mighte Ich with that emperur ſpeke,
Wel Ich wolde me fader awreke
For al is ferde.

He nemeth is bat and forth a-goth,
Swithe ſori and wel wroth,
Toward the tour;
Porter, a-ſede, let me in reke,
A lite thing Ichaue to ſpeke
With themperur.

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Go hom truant, the porter ſede,
Scherewe houre ſone Y the rede
Fro the gate,
Boute thow go hennes al ſo ſwithe
His ſchell the rewe fele ſithe
Thow come ther ate.

Sixte the ſcherewe ho be itte
A-loketh a-wolde ſmite
With is bat;
Speke he ought meche more
I ſchel him ſmite ſwithe ſore
Vpon is hat.

For Gode, queth Beues, natheles
An houre ſone for ſoth Ich wes,
Wel Ich it wot
Y nam no truant be Godes grace;
With that a-lefte vp is mace
Anon fot hot.

Beues withoute the gate ſtod,
And ſmot the porter on the hod,
That he gan falle;
His heued he gan al to cleue,
And forth a-wente with that leue
Into the halle.

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Al aboute he gan beholde,
To themperur he ſpak wordes bolde
With meche grame.
Sire, a-ſede, what doſtow here?
Whi colles thow aboute the ſwire
That ilche dame?

Me moder is that thow haueſt an honde,
What doſtow her vpon me londe
Withouten leue?
Tak me me moder and mi fe
Boute thow the rather hennes to
I ſchel the greue.

Naſtow ſire me fader ſlawe,
Thow ſchelt ben hanged and to drawe
Be Godes wille.
Aris fle hennes I the rede.
Themperur to him ſede,
Foul be ſtille.

Beues was nigh wod for grame,
For a-clepede him foul be name,
And to him a-wond;
For al that weren in the place,
Thries a-ſmot him with is mace
And with is honde

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Thries a-ſmot him on the kroun,
That emperur fel ſwowe adoun
Thar a-ſat.
The leuedi is moder gan to grede,
Nemeth that treitour ſhe ſede
Anon with that.

Tho dorſte Beues no leng abide,
The knightes vp in ech a-ſide,
More and laſſe;
Wo him was for the childes ſake,
Boute non of hem nolde him take,
Hii lete him paſe.

Beues goth faſte aſe he mai,
His meiſter a-mette in the wai,
That highte Saber;
And he him aſkede with blithe mod,
Beues, a-ſeide, for the rode
What doſtow her?

I ſchel the telle altogadre,
Beten Ichaue me ſtifadre
With me mace;
Thries I ſmot in the heued,
Al for ded Ich him leued
In the place.

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Beues, queth Saber, thow ert to blame;
The leuedi wile now do me ſchame
For thine ſake.
Boute thow be me conſaile do
Thow might now ſone bringe vs bo
In meche wrake.

Saber Beues to his hous ladde,
Meche of that leuedi him dradde.
The leuedi out of the tour cam,
To Saber the wei ſhe nam.
Saber, ſhe ſeide, whar is Bef
That wike treitour, that fule thef?
Dame, a-ſeide, Ich dede him of dawe;
Be the red and be the ſawe
This beth his clothe thow her ſixt.
The leuedi ſeide, Saber thow lixt,
Boute thow me to him take
Thow ſchelt abegge for is ſake.

Beue[s] herde his meiſter threte;
To hire a-ſpak with hertte grete,
And ſeide, lo me her bename,
Do me meiſter for me no ſchame,
Yif thow me ſext to whar Ich here.
His moder tok him be the ere,
Fain ſhe wolde a-were of liue,
Foure knightes ſhe clepede bliue,

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Wendeth ſhe ſeide to the ſtronde,
Yif ye ſeth ſchipes of Painim londe
Selleth to hem this ilche hyne,
That ye for no gode ne fine,
Whather ye haue for him mor and leſſe
Selleth him right into hetheneſſe.
For the knightes gonne te
Til that hii come to the ſe,
Schipes hii fonde ther ſtonde
Of hetheneſſe and of fele londe;
The child hii chepeden to ſale,
Marchaundes thai fonde ferli ſale,
And ſolde that child for mechel aughte,
And to the ſaraſins him betaughte.
Forth thai wente with that child,
Criſt of heuene be vs mild!
The childes hertte was wel colde
For that he was ſo fer i-ſolde,
Natheles though him thoughte eile
Toward Painim a-moſte ſaile.
When hii riuede out of that ſtrond,
The king highte Ermin of that londe,
His wif was ded, that highte Morage,
A doughter a-hadde of yong age,
Joſiane that maide het,
Hire ſchon were gold vpon hire fet,
So faire ſhe was and bright of mod
Aſe ſnow vpon the rede blod,

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Whar to ſcholde that may diſcriue,
Men wiſte no fairer thing aliue,
So hende ne wel i-taught,
Boute of Criſtene lawe ſhe kowthe naught.
The marchauns wente an highing
And preſente Beues to Ermyn king.
The king thar of was glad and blithe,
And thankede hem mani a ſithe.
Mahoun, a-ſeide, the might be proute
And this child wolde to the aboute,
Yif a-wolde a ſarafin be,
Yit Ich wolde hope a-ſcholde the;
Be Mahoun that ſit an high
Afairer child neuer I ne ſigh!
Neither alingthe ne on brade,
Ne non ſo fairie limes hade.
Child, a-ſeide, whar wer the bore?
What is the name? telle me fore,
Yif Ich it wiſte hit were me lef.
For Gode, a-ſeide, Ich hatte Bef,
I-boren Ich was in Ingelonde,
At Hamtoun, be the ſe ſtronde;
Me fader was erl thar awhile,
Me moder him let ſle with gile,
And me ſhe ſolde into hethen londe;
Wikked beth fele wimmen to fonde.

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Ac, ſire, yif it euer ſo betide
That Ich mowe an horſe ride,
And armes bere and ſcheft to breke,
Me fader deth Ich ſchel wel wreke.

The kinges hertte wex wel cold
When Beues hadde thus i-tolde,
And ſaide, Inaue non eir after me dai,
Boute Joſian this faire mai;
And thow wile the God forſake,
And to Apolyn me lord take,
Hire I ſchel the yeue to wiue,
And al me lond after me liue.
For Gode! queth Beues, that Inolde
For al the ſeluer ne al the golde
That is vnder heuene light,
Ne for the doughter that is ſo bright,
Inolde forſake in none manere
Iheſu that boughte me ſo dere,
Al mote thai be domnand deue
That on the falſe Godes beleue!
The king him louede wel the more
For him ne ſtod of no man ſore,
And ſeide, Beues, while thow ert ſwain
Thow ſchelt be me chaumberlain,
And thow ſchelt, whan thow ert dobbed knight,
Me baner bere in to eueright fight.

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Beues anſwerde al with ſkil,
What ye me hoten don Ich wil.
Beues was ther yer and other,
The king him louede alſo is brother,
And the maide that was ſo ſligh,
So dede eueri man that him ſigh.
Be that he was fiftene yer olde,
Knight ne ſwain thar nas ſo bolde
That him dorſte agenes ride
Ne with wrethe him abide.

His ferſte bataile, for ſoth te ſay,
A-dede a Criſtes meſſe day,
Aſe Beues ſcholde to water ride,
And fiftene ſaraſins be is ſide,
And Beues rod on Arondel
That was a ſtede gode and lel,
A ſaraſin began to ſay
And aſkede him what het that day?
Beues ſeide, for ſoth Y wis
I no neuer what dai it is,
For Inas boute ſeue winter old
Fro Criſtendome Ich was i-ſold,
Tharfore Ine can telle noughte the
What dai that hit mighte be.
The ſaraſin beheld and lough;
This dai, a-ſeide, I knowe wel inough:

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This is the ferſte dai of Youl,
The God was boren withouten doul,
For thi men maker ther mor bliſſe
Than men do her in hetheneſſe,
Anoure the god, ſo I ſchel myn,
Bothe Mahoun and Apolyn.
Beues to that ſaraſin ſaid,
Of Criſtendom yit Ichaue a-braid,
Ichaue ſeie on this dai right
Armed mani a gentil knight,
Torneande right in the feld
With helmes bright and mani ſcheld,
And were Ich alſe ſtith in plas,
Aſe euer Gii me fader was,
Ich wolde for me Lordes loue,
That ſit high in heuene aboue,
Fighte with yow euerichon
Er than Ich wolde hennes gon.
The ſaraſines ſeide to his felawes,
Lo ! brethern hire ye nought this ſawes,
How the yonge Criſtene hounde
A-ſaith a-wolde vs fellen to grounde,
Wile we aboute him gon
And fonde that treitour ſlon ?
Al aboute thai gonne thringe,
And hard on him thai gonne dinge,

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And gaf him wondes mani on
Thourgh the flefch in to the bon,
Depe wondes and fore
That he mighte fofre na more;
Tho his bodi began to fmarte
He gan plokken vp is hertte,
Afe tid to farafin a wond,
And breide a fwerd out of is honde,
And fifti farafins in that ftonde
Thar with a-gaf hem dedli wonde,
And fum he ftrok of the fwire
That the heued flegh in to the riuere,
And fum he clef euene afonder,
Here hors is fet thai laine vnder,
Ne was ther non that mighte afcape.
So Beues flough hem in a rape,
The ftedes hom to ftable ran
Withoute kenning of eni man.

Beues hom began to ride;
His wondes bledde be ech fide;
The ftede he graithed vp anon,
Into his chaumber he gan gon,
And leide him deueling on the grounde
To kolen is hertte in that ftounde.
Tiding com to king Ermyn
That Beues hadde mad is men tyn;

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The king ſwor and ſeide is ſawe
For thi a-ſcholde ben to drawe.
Vp ſtod that maide Joſian,
And to hire fader ſhe ſeide than,
Sire, Ich wot wel in me thought
That thine men ne ſlough he nought,
Be Mahoun ne be Teruagaunt,
Boute hit were him ſelf defendaunt!
Ac fader, ſhe ſeide, be me red,
Er thow do Beues to ded,
Ich praie, ſire, for loue o me
Do bringe that child before the,
Whan the child that is ſo bold
His owene tale hath i-tolde,
And thow wite the ſoth aplight,
Who hath the wrong who hath right,
Gef him his dom that he ſchel haue,
Whather thow wilt him ſlen or ſaue.
King Ermyn ſeide, me doughter fre
Aſe thow haueſt ſeid ſo it ſchel be.
Joſiane tho anon rightes
Clepede to hire twei knightes,
To Beues now wende ye,
And prai him that he come to me,
Er me fader ariſe fro his des,
Ful wel Ich ſchel maken is pes
Forth the knightes gonne gon,
To Beues chaumber thai come anon,

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And praide, aſe he was gentil man,
Come ſpeke with Joſian.
Beues ſtoutliche in that ſtounde
Haf vp his heued fro the grounde,
With ſtepe eighen and rowe bren
So lotheliche he gan on hem ſen,
The twei knightes thar thai ſtode,
Thai were hii wer nigh wode.
A-ſeide, yif ye ner maſegers
Ich wolde yow ſle, loſengers.
I nele riſe o fot fro the grounde
For ſpeke with an hethen hounde;
She is an honde, alſo be ye,
Out of me chaumber ſwithe ye fle!
The knightes wenten out in rape,
Thai were fain ſo to aſcape.
To Joſian thai wente aſtit
And ſeide of him is gret deſpit,
Sertes a-clepede the hethene hound
Thries in a lite ſtounde,
We nolde for al Ermonie
Eft ſones ſe him with our eie.
Hardeliche ſhe ſeide, cometh with me,
And Ich wile your waraunt be;
Forth thai wente al i-ſame,
To Beues chaumber that he came.

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Lemman, ſhe ſeide, gent and fre,
For Godes loue ſpek with me!
She keſte him bothe moth and chin,
And gaf him confort gode aſin,
So him ſolaſte that mai
That al is care wente awai;
And ſeide, lemman thin ore,
Icham i-wonded ſwithe ſore.
Lemman, ſhe ſeide, with gode intent
Ichaue brought an oyniment
For make the bothe hol and fere,
Wende we to me fader dere.
Forth thai wenten an highing
Til Ermyn the riche king;
And Beues tolde vnto him than
How that ſtour ended and gan,
And ſchewed on him in that ſtounde
Fourti grete griſli wounde.

Thanne ſeide king Ermin the hore,
I nolde Beues that thow ded wore,
For al the londes that Ichaue
Ich praie doughter that thow him ſaue,
And proue to hele aſe thow can
The wondes of that doughti man.
In to chaumber ſhe gan him take,
And riche bathes ſhe let him make,

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That with inne a lite ſtonde
He was bothe hol and ſonde.
Thanne was he aſe freſch to fight
So was the faukoun to the flight.
His other proweſſe who wile lere
Hende herkneth and ye mai here.

A wilde bor thar was aboute,
Ech man of him hadde gret doute;
Man and houndes that he tok
With his toſkes he al to ſchok.
Thei him hontede knightes tene,
Tharof ne yef he nought a bene.
At is mouth fif toſkes ſtoden out,
Euerich was fif enches about,
His ſides wer hard and ſtrong,
His broſtles were gret and long,
Him ſelf was fel and kouthe fighte;
No man ſle him ne mighte.

Beues lay in his bedde anight,
And thoughte a-wolde kethen is mighte
Vpon that ſwin him ſelff one,
That no man ſcholde with him gone.
Amorwe whan hit was da cler,
Ariſeth knight and ſquier;
Beues let ſadlen is ronſi
That bor a-thoughte to honti,

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A-gerte him with a gode brond,
And tok a ſpere in is hond,
A ſcheld a-heng vpon is ſide,
Toward the wode he gan ride.
Joſian that maide him beheld,
Al hire loue to him ſhe feld;
To hire ſelf ſhe ſeide ther ſhe ſtod,
Ne kepte Y neuer more gode,
Ne na more of al this worldes bliſſe
Thanne Beues with loue o time te kiſſe;
In gode time were boren
That Beues hadde to lemman koren.

Tho Beues into the wode cam,
His ſcheld aboute is nekke a-nam,
And tide his hors to an hei thorn,
And blew a blaſt with is horn;
Thre motes a-blew al arowe
That the bor him ſcholde knowe.
Tho he com to the bor is dan,
A-ſegh ther bones of dede man
The bor hadde ſlawe in the wode,
And eten here fleſch and dronke her blode.
Aris, queth Beues, corſede gaſt,
And yem me bataile wel in haſt;
Sone ſo the bor him ſigh,
Arerde is broſteles wel an high,

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And ſtarede on Beues with eien howe,
Al ſo a-wolde him haue a-ſwolwe ;
And for the bor yenede ſo wide,
A ſpere Beues let to him glide ;
On the ſcholder he ſmat the bor,
His ſpere barſt to piſes thore,
The bor ſtod ſtille agen the dent,
His hyde was harde aſe any ſtent.
Now al to borſte is Beues ſpere,
A-drough his ſwerd him ſelf to were,
And faught agen the bor ſo grim,
A-ſmot the bor and he to him.
Thus the bataile gan leſte long
Til the time of eueſong,
That Beues was ſo weri of foughte,
That of is lif hen ne roughte ;
And tho the bor was alſo,
Awai fro Beues he gan go,
Wile Beues made is praier
To God and Mari is moder dere,
Whather ſcholde other ſlen :
With that com the bor agen
And bente is broſtles vp ſaunfaile,
Agen Beues to yeue bataile :
Out at is mouth in aither ſide
The foim full ferli gan out glide,

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And Beues in that ilche venev,
Thourgh Godes grace and is vertv,
With is ſwerd out aſlinte
Twei toſkes at the ferſte dent;
A ſpanne of the groin beforn
With is ſwerd he hath of ſchoren.
Tho the bor ſo loude cride,
Out of the foreſt wide and ſide,
To the caſtel thar that lai Ermin,
Men herde the noiſe of the ſwin;
And, alſe he made that lotheli cri,
His ſwerd Beues haſteli
In at the mouth gan threſte tho,
And karf his hertte euene ato:
The ſwerd abreide agen fot hot,
And the bor his heued of ſmot,
And on a tronſoun of is ſpere,
That heued a-ſtikede for to bere.
Thanne a-ſette horn to mouthe,
And blew the pris aſe well kouthe,
So glad he was for is honting.
That heued a-thoughte Joſian bring,
And er he com to that maide fre
Him com ſtrokes ſo gret plente,
That fain he was to weren is head,
And ſaue him ſelf fro the ded.

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A ſtiward was with king Ermin,
That hadde tight to ſle that ſwin;
To Beues a bar gret envie
For that he hadde the meiſtrie;
He dede arme his knightes ſtoute,
Foure and twenti in a route,
And ten forſters alſo he tok;
And wente to wode, ſeith the bok.
Tharof ne wiſte Beues noght,
Helpe him God that alle thing wrought!
In is wei he rit pas for pas,
Herkneth now a ferli cas,
A-wende paſi in grith and pes,
The ſtiward cride, leith on and ſles!

Beues ſeigh that hii to him ferde,
A-wolde drawe to is ſwerde,
Thanne hadde he leued it thor
Thar he hadde ſlawe the bor.
He nadde nothing him ſelf to were
Boute a tronſoun of a ſpere;
Tho was Beues ſore deſmeid,
The heued fro the tronſoun abraid,
And with the bor is heued a-faught,
And wan a ſwerd of miche maught,
That Morgelai was cleped aplight;
Beter ſwerd bar neuer knight.

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Tho Beues hadde that ſwerd an honde,
Among the hethene knightes a-wond,
And ſum vpon the helme a-hitte
Into the ſadel he hem ſlitte,
And ſum knight Beues ſo of raughte
The heued of at the ferſte draughte,
So harde he gan to lein aboute
Among the hethene knightes ſtoute,
That non ne paſede hom aplight;
So thourgh the grace of God almight,
The kinges ſtiward a-hitte ſo,
That is bodi a-clef ato.
The dede kors a-pulte adoun,
And lep him ſelf into the arſoun.
That ſtrok him thoughte wel i-ſet,
For he was horſed meche bet.
He thoughte make pes doun rightes
Of the forſters aſe of the knightes.
To hem faſte he gan ride,
Thai gonne ſchete be ech aſide,
So mani armes to him thai ſende,
Vnnethe a-mighte him ſelf defende,
So that in a lite ſtounde
The ten forſters wer feld te grounde,
And hew hem alle to pices ſmale,
So hit is fonde in frenſche tale.

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Josian lai in a castel,
And segh that sconfit euerich del.
O Mahoun! she seide, oure drighte,
What Beues is man of meche mighte!
Al this world yif Ich it hedde
Ich him yeue me to wedde:
Boute he me loue Icham ded.
Swete Mahoun, what is the red
Loue longing me hath becought!
Thar of wot Beues right nought.
Thus that maide made hire mon,
Thar she stod in the tour alon,
And Beues thar the folk beleued,
And went hom with the heued:
That heued of that wilde swin
He presente to king Ermin.
The king tharof was glad and blithe,
And thankede him ful mani a sithe,
Ac he ne wiste ther of no wight
How is stiward to dethe was dight.

Thre yer after that bataile
That Beues the bor gan asaile,
A king ther com into Ermonie,
And thoughte winne with meistrie
Josiane that maide bright,
That loued Beues with al hire might.

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Brademond cride aſe he wer wod
To king Ermin thar a-ſtod,
King, a-ſeide, ſwithe bliue,
Yem me the doughter to wiue;
Yef thow me werneſt, withouten faile
I ſchel winne hire in plein bataile,
On fele half I ſchel the anvghe,
And al the londe I ſchel deſtrughe,
And the ſle ſo mai betide,
And lay hire anight be me ſide,
And after a wile the doughte yeue
To a weine pain that is for driue.
Ermin anſwerde bliue an highe,
Be Mahoun, ſire, thow ſchelt lighe!
Adoun of his tour a-went,
And after al his knightes a-ſent,
And Brademond him aſailed hadde,
And aſkede hem alle what hii radde.
A word thanne ſpak that maiden bright,
Be Mahoun! ſire, wer Beues a knight
A-wolde defende the wel inough;
Me ſelf i-ſegh whar he ſlough
Your owene ſtiward him beſet,
Alone in the wode with him a-met,
At wode he hadde his ſwerd beleued
Thar he ſmot of the bores heued;
He nadde nothing him ſelf to were
Boute a tronſoun of is ſpere,

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And your ſtiward gret peple hadde,
Four and twenti knightes a-ladde,
Al y-armed to the teth,*
And eueri hadde ſwore is deth,
And ten forſters of the foreſt
With him a-broughte aſe preſt,
That thoughte him haue ſlawe thore,
And take the heued of the bore,
And yeue the ſtiward the renoun.
Tho Beues ſegh that foule treſoun,
A-leide on with the bor is heued,
Til that hii were adoun i-weued,
And of the ſtiward a-wan that day
His gode ſwerd Morgelay.
The ten forſters alſo a-ſlough,
And hom a-paſede wel i-nough,
That he of hem hadde no lothe.
King Ermyn thanne ſwor is othe
That he ſcholde be maked knight,
His baner to bere in that fight.

He clepede Beues at that ſake,
And ſeide, knight Ich wile the make.
Thow ſchelt bere into bataile
Me baner Brademond to aſaile.

* In MS. *deth*.

Digitized by Google

Beues anſwerde with blithe mod,
Blethelich, a-ſeide, be the rod!
King Ermin tho anon righte
Dobbede Beues vnto knighte,
And gaf him a ſcheld gode and ſur,
With thre eglen of aſur,
The champe of gold ful wel i-dight
With fif ſables of ſeluer bright;
Sithe a-gerte him with Morgelay.
A gonfanoun wel ſtout and gay
Joſian him broughte for to bere,
Sent of the ſcheld Y yow ſwere.
Beues dede on is actoun,
Hit was worth mani a toun;
An hauberk him broughte that mai,
So ſeiden alle that hit i-ſai,
Hit was wel i-wroughte and faire,
Non egge tol mighte it nought paire;
After that ſhe gaf him a ſtede
That ſwithe gode was at nede;
For hit was ſwift and ernede wel,
Me clepede hit Arondel.

Beues in the ſadel lep,
His oſt him folwede al to hep,
With baner bright and ſcheldes ſchene,
Thretti thoſent and fiftene.

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The ferſte ſcheld trome Beues nam
Brademond agenes him cam;
His baner bar the king Redefoun
That leuede on ſire Mahoun.
Row he was alſo a ſchep
Beues of him nam gode kep.
He ſmot Arondel with ſpures of gold,
Thanne thoughte that hors that he ſcholde.
Agen Redefoun Beues gan ride,
And ſmot him thourgh out bothe ſide,
Hauberk ne ſcheld ne actioun
Ne vailede him nought worth a botoun,
That he ne fel ded to the grounde.
Reſte the, queth Beues, hethen hounde,
The hadde beter atom than here!
Lay on faſte a-bad his fere.

Tho laide thai on with eger mod,
And ſlowe Sarſins as hii wer wod,
And ſire Beues the criſtene knight
Slough aſe mani in that fight
With Morgelay him ſelf alone
Aſe thai deden euerichone.
And euer hii wer preſt to fight*
Til that the ſonne ſet right.
Beues and is oſt withinne a ſtounde,
Sexti thoſent thai felde to grounde,

* In MS. *to fight prest.*

Digitized by Google

That were out of Dameſke i-ſent,
That neuer on homeward ne went.
Tho Brademond ſegh is folk i-ſlayn,
A-flegh awei with mighte and mayn;
Aſe he com ride be a coſt
Twei knightes a-fond of Beues oft,
Of his ſtede he gan doun lighte
And bond hem bothe anon righte,
And thoughte hem lede to his priſoun,
And haue for hem gret raunſoum.
Aſe he troſede hem on is ſtede,
Beues of hem nam gode hede,
And haſteliche in that tide
After Brademond he gan ride,
And ſeide, Brademond olde wreche,
Ertow come Joſiane to feche?
Erſt thow ſchelt paſe thourgh min hond,
And thourgh Morgelay me gode brond.
Withouten eni wordes mo,
Beues Brademond hitte ſo
Vpon his helm in that ſtounde,
That a-felde him flat to grounde.

Merci, queth, Ich me yelde
Recreaunt to the in this felde,
So harde the ſmiteſt vpon me kroun,
Ich do me alle in the bandoun

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Sexti cites with caſtel tour
Thin owen Beues to thin onour,
With that thow lete me aſcape.
Beues anſwerde tho in rape,
Nay, a-ſeide, be ſein Martyn!
Icham i-ſwore to king Ermin
Al that Ich do it is dede,
Thar fore ſire, ſo God me ſpede,
Thow ſchelt ſwere vpon the lay
Thow ſchelt werre on him night ne dai,
And omage eche yer him yelde,
And al the londe of him helde.
Brademond anſwerde anon righte,
Thar to me treuthe Y the plighte,
That Ine ſchel neuer don him dere,
Ne agen the Beues armes bere.
And whan he hadde ſwore ſo,
Beues let king Brademond go.
Allas! that he nadde him ſlawe,
And i-brought of is lif dawe;
For ſiththe for al is faire beheſte,
Mani dai a-maked him feſte,
In is priſoun a-lai ſeue yere
Aſe ye may now forthward here.

Beues rod hom and gan to ſinge,
And ſeide to Ermin the kinge,

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Sire, Brademond king of Sarafine,
A-is become one of thine:
The man a-is to then hefte
While his lif wile lefte,
Londes and ledes al that he walt,
A-faith fire of the hem halt.
Thame was king Ermin at that fithe
In his hertte fwithe blithe;
A-clepede is doughter and faide,
Jofian the faire maide,
Vnarme Beues he wer at mete,
And ferue the felf him ther ate.
Tho nolde that maide neuer blinne,
Til fhe com to hire inne,
Thar fhe lai hire felue anight;
Thar fhe fette that gentil knight,
Hire felf gaf him water to hond,
And fette before him al is fonde.
Tho Beues hadde wel i-ete,
And on the maidenes bed i-fete,
That mai that was fo bright of hiwe
Thoughte fhe wolde hire confaile fchewe,
And feide, Beues lemman thin ore
Ichaue loued the ful yore,
Sikerli can I no rede,
Boute thow me loue Icham dede,
And boute thow with me do the wille.
For Gode, queth, that Ich do nelle;

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Her is a-ſeide min vnliche,
Brademond king that is ſo riche,
In al this world nis ther man,
Prinſe, ne king, ne ſoudan,
That the to wiue haue nolde,
And lie the hadde ones beholde.
Merci, ſhe ſeide, yet with than
Ichauede the leuer to me lemman,
The bodi in the ſcherte naked,
Than al the gold that Criſt hath maked,
And thow woſt with me do the wille.
For Gode, queth he, that I do nelle.
She fel adoun and wep right ſore,
Thow ſeideſt ſoth her before,
In al this world nis ther man,
Prinſe ne king ne ſoudan,
That me to wiue haue nolde,
And he me hadde ones beholde,
And thow cherl me haueſt forſake.
Mahoun the yeue tene and wrake!
Beter become the i-liche
For to fowen an old diche,
Thanne for to be dobbed knight,
Te gon among maidenes bright;
To other contre thow might fare,
Mahoun the yeue tene and care!
Dameſele, a-ſeide, thow ſeiſt vnright;
Me fader was bothe erl and knight.

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How mighte Ich thanne ben a cherl
Whan me fader was knight and erl?
To other contre Ich wile te,
Scheltow me namore i-ſe,
Thow yeue me an hors lo it her,
I nel namore of the daunger.
Forth him wente ſire Beuoun
And tok is in that toun,
Sore aneighed and aſchamed
For ſhe hadde him ſo gramed.

Tho Beues was to toun i-go,
Tho began that maidenes wo,
Thanne was hire wo with alle,
Hire thoughte the tour wolde on hir falle.
She clepede hire chaumberlein Bonefas,
And tolde to him al hire cas,
And bad him to Beues wende,
And ſai him Ich wille amende
Altogedre of word and dede
Of that Ichaue him miſede.
Forth wente Bonefas in that ſtounde,
And Beues in is chaumber a-founde,
And ſeide ſhe him theder ſende,
And that ſhe wolde alle amende
Altogedres to is wille,
Bothe londe and eke ſtille.

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Thanne anſwerde Beues the fer,
Sai thow might nought ſpeden her;
Ac for thow bringeſt fro hir meſage,
I ſchel the yeue to the wage
A mantel whit ſo melk
The broider is of tuli ſelk,
Beten abouten with rede golde,
The king to were thegh a-ſcholde.
Bonefas him thankede yerne,
Hom agen he gan to terne.
A-fond that maide in ſorwe and care,
And tolde hire his anſware,
That ne mighte nought ſpede
Aboute hire nede.
And ſeide thow haddeſt vnright
So te miſin a noble knight.
Who gaf the this ilche wede?
Beues that hendi knight a-ſeide.
Allas! ſhe ſeide, Ich was to blame,
Whan Ich ſeide him ſwiche ſchame.
For hit was neuer a cherles dede
To yeue a maſeger ſwiche a wede.
Whan he nel nought to me come
The wei to his chaumber Y wil neme;
And what euer of me befalle,
Ich wile wende into is halle.

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Beues herde that maide ther oute;
Aſe yif aſlep he gan to route.
Awake lemman, ſhe ſeide, awake,
Icham i-come me pes to make.
Lemman for the corteiſie
Spek with me a word or tweie.
Dameſele, queth Beues thanne,
Let me ligge and go the wei henne;
Icham weri of foughte ſore,
Ich faught for the Inel na more.
Merci, ſhe ſeide, lemman thin ore.
She fel adoun and wep wel ſore.
Men, ſaith ſhe, ſeide in olde riote,
That wimmannes bolt is ſone ſchote,
Foryem me that Ichaue miſede,
And Ich wile right now to mede,
Min falſe godes al forſake,
And criſtendom for the loue take.
In that maner, queth the knight,
I graunte the me ſwete wight,
And kiſte hire at that cordement;
Thar fore he was negh after ſchent.

The twei knightes that he vnbond
That were in Brademondes hond,
He made that on is chaumberlain,
Him hadde be beter he hadde hem ſlein.

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Thei wente to the king and ſwor othe,
No wonder ſire thegh ye be wrothe,
No wonder thegh ye ben agreued,
Whan Beues ſcherewe miſbeleued
The doughter he hath now forlain,
Hit gode, ſire, that he wer ſlain.
Hii lowe the ſcherewes that him gan wreie,
In helle mote thai hongen beie!
He dede nothing boute ones hire kiſte,
Nought elles bi hem men ne wiſte.
Tharfore hit is ſoth i-ſaide,
And in the rime right wel i-laid,
Deliure a thef fro the galwe
He the hateth after be alle halwe.

Allas! queth Ermin the king,
Wel ſore me reweth that tiding.
Seththe he com me ferſt to
So meche he hath for me ido,
I ne mighte for al Peynim londe
That men dede him eni ſchonde,
Ac fain Ich wolde awreke be,
Boute Ine mighte hit nought i-ſe.
Thanne beſpak a ſaraſin,
Haue he Criſtes kurs and myn!
Sire, ye ſcholle for is ſake,
A letter ſwithe anon do make

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To Brademond the ſtronge king,
And do him theder the letter bringe,
And in the letter the ſchelt ſaie
That he hath Joſian forlaie.
Whan the letter was come to thende
Atfer Beues the king let ſende,
And ſeide, Beues thow moſt hanne
To Brademond thin owene manne,
Al in ſolas in deliit
Thow moſt him bere this ilche ſcriit,
Ac yif thow ſchelt me letter bere,
Vpon the lai thow ſchelt me ſwere
That thow ne ſchelt with no man mele
To ſchewe the prente of me ſele.
I wile, queth Beues aſe ſnel,
The leter bere treuliche and wel.
Haue Ich Arondel me ſtede,
Ich wile fare into that thede,
And Morgelai me gode bronde,
Ich wile wende into that londe.
King Ermin ſeide in is ſawe,
That ner no meſager is lawe
To ride vpon an heui ſtede,
That ſwiftli ſcholde don is nede,
Ac nim a lighter hakenai,
And lef her the ſwerd Morgelai,
And thow ſchelt come to Brademonde
Sone withinne a lite ſtounde.

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Beues an hakenai beſtrit
And in his wei forth a-rit,
And bereth with him is owene deth;
Boute God him helpe that alle thing ſeth.

Terne we agen thar we wer er,
And ſpeke we of is em Saber.
After that Beues was thus ſold,
For him is hertte was euer cold;
A-clepede to him his ſone Terri,
And bad him wenden and aſpie
Into euerie londe fer and ner,
Whider him ladde the maroner.
And ſeide, ſone, thow ert min owen,
Wel thow canſt the lord knowen.
Ich hote the ſone in alle manere
That thow him ſeche this ſeue yer,
Ich wile feche him mowe thow him fynde,
Though he be biyende Ynde,
Terri is ſone is forth i-fare,
Beues a-ſoughte eueri whare
In al hethenes nan toun non
That Criſtene man mighte ther in gon,
That he ne hath Beues in i-ſought,
Ac he ne kouthe finde him nought.
So hit befel vpon a cas
That Terri com beſide Damas,

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And aſe he com forth be that ſtede
A-ſat and dinede in a wede,
Vnder a faire medle tre,
That ſire Beues gan of [see].
Sire, queth Terri, for ſein Juline,
Is it the wille com nere and dine.
Beues was of hongred ſore,
And kouthe him gret thank therfore;
For twei dawes he hadde ridde
Faſtande in that ilche wede.

The palmer nas nought withouten ſtore;
Inough a-leide him before;
Bred and fleſc out of is male,
And of his flaketes win and ale.
Whan Beues hadde eten gret foiſoun,
Terri aſkede at ſire Beuoun,
Yif a-herde telle yong or olde
Of a child that theder was ſolde,
His name was i-hote Beuoun,
I-bore a-was at South Hamtoun.
Beues beheld Terri and lough,
And ſeide, a-knew that child wel inough,
Hit is nought a-ſeide gon longe
I ſegh the Sarſins that child an honge.
Terri fel ther doun and ſwough;
His her, his clothes, he alto drough;

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Whan he awok and ſpeke mighte,
Sore a-wep and ſore ſighte,
And ſeide, allas! that he was boren,
Is me lord Beues forloren?
Beues tok him vp at that cas,
And gan him for to ſolas,
Wend hom, a-ſeide, to the contre,
Sai the frendes ſo Ichaue the,
Though thow him ſeche thes ſeue yer,
Thow worſt that child neuer the ner.
Terri on Beues beheld,
And ſegh the boiſte with a ſcheld.
Me thenketh thow ert a maſager
That in this londe walkes her,
Icham a clerk and to ſcole yede
Sire let me the letter rede,
For thow might haue gret doute
Thin owene deth to bere aboute.
Beues ſeide, Ich vnderſtonde
He that me tok this letter an honde,
He ne wolde me non other
Than Ich were is owene brother.
Beues him thankede and thus hii delde:
Terri wente hom and telde
His fader Saber in the Ilde of Wight,
How him tolde a gentil knight
That Sarſins hadde Beues forfare,
And hangede him while he was thare.

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Saber wep and made drem,
For he was the childes em,
And ech yer on a dai certaine,
Vpon themperur of Almaine,
With a wel gret baronage
Acleimede his eritage.

Let we now ben is em Saber,
And ſpeke of Beues the maſeger.
Forth him wente fire Beuoun
Til a-com to Dames toun,
Aboute the time of middai,
Out of a mameri a-ſai
Saraſins com gret foiſoun,
That hadde anoured here Mahoun.
Beues of is palfrei alighte,
And ran to her mameri ful righte,
And ſleugh here preſt that was ther in,
And threw here godes in the fen,
And lough hem alle ther to ſcorn.
On aſcapede and at orn
In at the caſtel yete,
Aſe the king ſat at the mete.
Sire, ſeide this man, at the frome
Here is i-come a corſede gome,
That throweth our godes in the fen,
And ſleth al oure men;
Vnnethe iſcapede among that thring
For to bringe the tiding.

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Brademond quakede at the bord,
And ſeid, that is Beues my lord.
Beues wente in at the caſtel gate,
His hors he lefte ther ate,
And wente forth in to the halle,
And gret hem in this maner alle.
God, that made this world aronde,
The ſaue ſire king Brademond,
And ek alle thine fere
That I ſe now here;
And yif that ilche bleſſing
Liketh the right nothing,
Mahoun that is God thin,
Teruagaunt and Apolin,
The bleſſi and dighte
Be alle here mighte!
Lo! here, the king Ermin
The ſente this letter in parchemin,
And aſe the letter the telleth to
A-bad thow ſcholdeſt ſwithe do.
Beues kneuled and nolde nought ſtonde,
And gaf vp is deth with is owene honde.
Brademonde quakede al for drede,
He vndede the letter and gan to rede,
And fond i-writen in that felle
How that he ſcholde Beues aquelle.
Thanne ſeide Brademond to twenti king
That were that dai at is giftning,

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A-ſpák with treſoun and with gile,
Ariſeth vp, he ſeide awhile,
Euerich of yow fro the bord
And welcometh your kende lord.
Alle hi gonnen vp right ſtonde,
And Brademond tok Beues be the honde,
And held him faſte at that ſake
That he ne ſcholde is ſwerd out take,
And cride alſe he hadde be wod
To hem alle aboute him ſtod,
Aſe ye me louen at this ſtounde
Bringeth this man ſwith to grounde.
So faſte hii gonne aboute him ſcheue
Aſe don ben aboute the heue,
So withinne a lite ſtounde
Beues was i-brought to grounde.
Brademond ſeide him anon right,
Yif thow me naddeſt wonne with fight,
Inolde for nothing hit beleue
That thow ſchoſt ben hanged er eue,
Ac aſe euel the ſchel betide
In me priſoun thow ſchelt abide,
Vnder therthe twenti teiſe,
Thar thow ſchelt haue meche miſeiſe.
Ne ſcheltow haue til thow be ded
Boute ech a dai quarter of a lof bred;
Yif thow wilt drinke, thegh it be nought ſwet,
The ſchelt hit take vnder the fet.

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A-dede Beues binde to a ſton gret,
That wegh ſeue quarters of whet,
And het him caſte into priſoun
That twenti teiſe was dep adoun.
At the priſoun dore Beues fond
A tronſoun that he tok in his hond,
Thar with a-thoughte were him there
Fram wormes that in priſoun were.
Now is Beues at this petes grounde,
God bringe him vp hol and ſonde!

Now ſpeke we of Joſian the maide,
That com to hire fader and ſaide,
Sire, ſhe ſeide, whar Beues be
That me mighte him nought fern i-ſe!
Doughter, a-ſeide, a-is i-fare
Into his londe, and woneth thare
In to is owene eritage,
And hath a wif of gret parage,
The kinges doughter of Ingelonde,
Aſe men doth me to vnderſtonde.
Thanne was that maide wo ynough,
In hire chaumber hire her ſhe drogh;
And wep and ſeide euer mo
That ſum treſoun thar was y-do.
That me ne telde ord and ende
What dai awhanne a-wolde wende.

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Of Mombraunt the king Ynor,
A riche king of gret treſore,
Whan he owhar to werre wolde,
Fiftene kinges him ſewe ſcholde,
Comen a-is Joſian to wedde,
Agen hire fader ſo a-ſpedde
That he hire grauntede to his wiue,
And al is londe after is liue.
Tho Joſian wiſte ſhe ſcholde be quen,
Hit was nought be hire wille I wen;
Hire were leuer haue had laſſe,
And haue be Beues is contaſſe.
Natheles, now it is ſo,
Hire fader wil ſhe moſte do.
Ac euer ſhe ſeide, Beuoun,
Hende knighte of Southe Hamtoun,
Naddeſtow me neuer forſake
Yif ſum treſoun hit nadde make:
Ac for the loue that was ſo gode,
That i-loued aſe min hertte blode,
Ichaue, ſhe ſeide, a ring on
That of ſwiche vertu is the ſton,
While Ichaue on that ilche ring
To me ſchel no man haue welling;
And Beues, ſhe ſeide, be God aboue!
I ſchel it weren for the loue.
Whan hit to that time ſpedde
That Ynor ſcholde that maide wedde,

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He let ſende withouten enſoine
After the ſoudan of Habiloine,
And after the fiftene kinge
That him ſcholde omage bringe,
And bad hem com leſt and meſte,
To onoure that meri feſte.

If that feſte nel Ich na more telle,
For to highe with our ſpelle.
Whan al the feſte to yede
Ech knight wente to is ſtede,
Men graicede cartes ane ſomers,
Knightes to horſe and ſquiers,
And Joſian with meche care
Theder was brought in hire chare.
King Ermin nom Arondel
And let him ſadlen faire and wel,
A-wente to Beues chaumber ther he lay,
And nom his ſwerd Morgelay;
With Arondel a-gan it lede
To king Ynor, and thus a-ſede,
Sone, a-ſede, haue this ſtede,
The beſte fole that man mai fede,
And this ſwerd of ſtel broun
That was Beues of Hamtoun.
A-nolde hit geue wer it in is honde
Nought for al Painim londe.

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Ne Ich, queth the King Ynor,
For al the gold ne the treſor
That thow might in the cite belouke.
Sone, queth Ermin, wel mot the it brouke.
Ynor gan homward te ride,
And dede lede Arondel be is ſide.
Whan he com withoute Mombraunt,
A-ſwor is oth be Teruagaunt,
That he wolde into his cite ride
Vpon Arondel before is bride.
Arondel thar he beſtrit;
That hors wel ſone vnder ſit
That Beues nas nought vpon is rigge,
The king wel ſore ſcholde hit abegge.
He ran ouer dich and thorn,
Thourgh wode and thourgh thekke korn;
For no water ne for no londe
Nowhar nolde that ſtede a-ſtonde;
At the laſte a-threw Ynor doun,
And al to brak the kinges kroun,
That al is kingdom wel vnnethe
Arerede him ther fro the dethe;
And er hii mighte that hors winne
Thai laughte him with queinte ginne.
A wonder thing now ye may here;
After al that ſeue yere
To rakenteis a-ſtod i-teide,
Nas mete ne drinke before him leid,

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Hey ne oten ne water clere,
Boute be a kord of aſolere.
No man dorſte com him hende,
Thar that hors ſtod in bende.

Now is Joſian a quene,
Beues in priſoun hath gret tene.
The romounce telleth ther a-ſet
Til the her on is heued greu to is fet;
Snakes and euetes and oades fale,
How mani can I nought telle in tale,
That in the priſoun were with him,
That prouede euer with her venim
To ſle Beues that gentil knight,
Oc, thourgh the grace of God almight,
With the tronſoun that he to priſoun tok
A-ſlough hem alle, ſo ſaith the bok.
A fleande nadder was in an hole,
For elde blak aſe eni cole.
Vnto Beues ſhe gan flinge,
And in the forehed thoughte him ſtinge;
Beues was redi with is tronſoun,
And ſmot hire that ſhe fel adoun.
Vpon agen the nadder rowe,
And breide awei his right browe;
Tho was Beues ſore agreued
And ſmot the nadder on the heued.

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So harde dent he hire gaf
The brein cleuede on is ſtaf.
Doun fel the nadder withouten faile,
And ſmot ſo Beues with the taile,
That negh a-les ther contenaunſe
Almeſt is lif was in balaunſe.
Whan he awakede of that ſwough,
The tronſoun eft to him a-drough,
And bet hire al to piſes ſmale,
Aſe hit is fonde in Frenſche tale.
Tho he hadde ſlawe the foule fendes,
Be that hadde Beues lein in bendes
Seue yer in peines grete,
Lite i-dronke and laſſe i-ete.
His browe ſtank for defaut of yeme,
That it ſet after aſe a-ſeme,
Whar thourgh that maide ne kneu him nought
Whan hii were eft togedre brought.

On a dai aſe he was mad and feint,
To Jheſu Criſt he made is pleint;
And to his moder, feinte Marie,
Reuliche he gan to hem crie.
Lord, a-ſeide, heuene king,
Schepere of erthe and alle thing,
What haue Ich ſo meche miſgilt
That thow ſext and tholen wilt

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That the wetherwines and the fo
Schel the feruaunt do this wo?
Ich bedde the lord for the pite
That thow haue merci on me,
And geue grace hennes to gange,
Or fone be drawen other an hange.
Me roughte neuer what deth to me come,
With that Ich were hennes nome.
The gailers that him fcholde yeme,
Whan hii herde him thus reme,
Thef, cherl, feide, that on tho
Now beth the lif dawes y-do,
For king ne kaifer ne for no fore,
Ne fcheltow leue no lenger more.
Anon rightes with that word
A laumpe he let doun be a cord,
A fwerd a-tok be his fide,
And be the cord he gan doun glide,
And fmot him with that other hond,
And Beues to the grounde a-wond.
Allas! queth Beues, that ilche ftounde;
Wo is the man that lith y-bounde
Medel bothe fet and honde.
Tho Ich com ferft into this londe,
Hadde Ich had me fwerd Morgelay,
And Arondel me gode palfray,
For Dames nadde be trefoun
Inolde haue geue a botoun,

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And now the meſte wreche of alle
With a ſtrok me adoun falle;
Bidde Ich neuer with Jheſu ſpeke,
Boute Ich therof ben awreke.
A-ſmot the gailer with is feſt,
That is nekke him to berſt.
His felawe aboue gan to crie:
Highe hider, felawe, queth Beues, highe!
Yif thow moſt haue help, a-ſede,
Ich come to the with a gode ſpede.
Yif, queth Beues, al for gile,
And knette the rop thar while,
Aſe high aſe a-mighte reche.
Tho queth Beues with reuful ſpeche,
For the loue of ſein Mahoun
Be the rop glid bliue adoun,
And help that this thef wer ded.
Whan he hadde thus i-ſed,
That other gailer no leng abod,
Boute be rop adoun he glod.
Whan the rop failede in is hond,
Beues held vp that gode bronde,
And felde to gronde that ſori wight,
Thourgh out is bodi that ſwerd he pight.

Now er thai ded the geilers tweie,
And Beues lith to the raken teie:

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His lif him thoughte al to long,
Thre daies after he nett ne drong.
Tofore that, for ſothe to ſai,
A-was woned ech other dai,
Of bere lof to haue a quarter
To his mete and to his diner;
And for his meiſters wer bothe ded
Thre daies after he ne et no bred.
To Jheſu Criſt he bed abone
And he him grauntede wel ſone;
So yerne he gan to Jheſu ſpeke
That his vetres gone breke,
And of is medel the gret ſton;
Jheſu Criſt he thankede anon.
A-wente quik out of priſoun
Be the rop the gailer com adoun,
And wente into the caſtel right,
Ac it was aboute the midnight;
He lokede aboute fer and ner,
No man wakande ne ſegh he ther.
He beheld forther a lite
To a chaumber vnder a garite,
Thar inne he ſegh torges i-light,
Beues wente theder ful right;
Twelf knightes a-fond ther aſlepe,
That hadde the caſtel for to kepe.
The chaumber dore a-fond vnſteke,
And priueliche he gan in reke,

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And armede him in yrene wede,
The beſte that he fond at nede;
And gerte him with a gode bronde,
And tok a gode ſpere in is honde.
A ſcheld aboute is nekke he caſt,
And wente out of the chaumber on haſt.
Forther a-herde in a ſtable
Pages fele withoute fable,
Aſe thai ſete in here ragin
In at the dore Beues gan ſpring,
An for thai ſcholde him nought wrai,
Vnder his hond he made him plai.
And whan the ſaraſins were i-ſlawe,
The beſte ſtede he let forth drawe,
And ſadelede hit and wel a-dight,
And wente him forth anon right,
And gan to crie with loude ſteuen,
And the porter he gan neuenen.
Awake, a-ſeide, proude felawe,
Thow were worthi ben hanged and drawe!
Highe the gates wer vnſteke,
Beues is out of priſoun reke,
And Icham ſent now for is ſake,
The treitour yif Ich mighte of take.
The porter was al bewaped:
Alas! queth he, is Beues aſcaped?
Vp he caſte the gates wide,
And Beues bi him gan out ride,

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And tok is wei ful haſtelie
Toward the londe of Ermonie.
He nadde ride in is wei
Boute ſeue mile of that contrei,
He wex aſleped wonder ſore,
He mighte ride no forther more;
He reinede his hors to a cheſteine,
And felle aſlepe vpon the pleine.
And alſe a-ſlep in is ſweuene,
Him thoughte Brademond and kinges ſeuen,
Stod ouer him with ſwerdes drawe,
Al ſlepande him wolde han ſlawe.
Of that ſweuen he was of drad;
He lep to hors aſe he wer mad,
Toward Damas agein aplight.
Now reſte we her a lite wight,
And ſpeke we ſchalle of Brademond;
Amorwe whan he it hadde i-fonde
That Beues was aſcaped ſo,
In is hertte him was ful wo.
That time be comin acent,
Thar was comin parlement,
Erles, kinges, laſſe and more,
And fiftene kinges wer ſamned thore.
To hem Brademond tolde thare
That Beues was fro him i-fare,
And bad help with might and main
For to feche Beues again.

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A king ther was fwithe fer,
His nam was hote Grander.
An hors he hadde of gret pris,
That was i-cleped Trincheſis;
For him a-gaf ſeluer wight
Er he that hors haue might.
He armede him in yrene wede,
Seue knightes he gan with him lede,
And prikede forth on Trencheſis
And wende wenne meche pris,
And Beues ſone he gan ſe
Aſe he rod toward the cite.
A-yilt the, a-ſeide, thow fox welp,
The God ſchel the nothing help,
For her thourgh min hondes one
For ſothe thow ſchelt the lif forgon!
So me helpe God! queth Beues, tho,
Hit were no meiſtri me to ſlo,
For this is the ferthe dai agon
Mete ne drinke ne bot I non,
Ac natheles God it wot
Yif Ich alle nedes mot,
Yit Ich wile aſaie
A lite box the to paie.

King Grander was of herte grim,
And rod to Beues and he to him:

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And aſe thei bothe togedre mete,
With here launces thei gonne mete,
That hit gonnen al to driue
And te borſten on piſes fiue.
Here ſwerdes drowe knightes ſtoute,
And fighteth faſte it is no doute,
The medwe ſquaughte of her dentes,
The fur flegh out ſo ſpark a-flintes;
Thus thai leide on in bothe ſide
Betwene midmorwe and vndetide.
King Grander was agremed ſtrong
That fire Beues him ſtod ſo long,
And with his ſwerd a-hitte i-ſcheld,
A quarter fel into the feld.
Hauberk, plate, and aktoun,
Into Beues forther arſoun,
Half a fot he karf doun right.
Tho Beues ſegh that ſtrok of might,
A-ſeide, that dent was wel i-ſet,
Faſten Y wile another bet.
With that word Beues ſmot doun
Grander is ſcheld with is fachoun,
And is left hande be the wreſt
Hit flegh awei thourgh help of Criſt.
Tho Grander hadde his ſcheld i-lore,
He faught aſe he wer wode ther fore;
A-gaf Beues ſtrokes that tide,
Non ne moſte other abide.

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Beues therof was agreued,
And ſmot of king Grander is heued,
The dede kors in that throwe
Fel out ouer the ſadel bowe.
Tho king Grander was i-ſlawe.
The ſeue knightes of hethen lawe
Beues ſlough that ilche ſtounde;
So hit is in Frenſch y-founde.
For nought Beues nolde belaue
The beter hors a-wolde haue;
Beues *Strencheſis beſtrit,
And in is weie forth a-rit;
And Brademond with al is oſt †
Com after with meche boſt;
So longe hii han Beues driue,
That hii come to the cliue,
Thar the wilde ſe was.
Herkneth now a wonder cas!
Into the ſe a-moſte I wis
Other fighte agenes al hethenes.

To Jheſu Criſt he bad abone,
And he him grauntede wel ſone.
Lord! a-ſede, heuene king,
Schepere of erthe and alle thing,
Thow madeſt fiſch aſe alſe man,
That nothing of ſenne ne can,

* Sic in MS. † In MS. *boſt*.

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Ne nought of fiſches kenne,
Neuer yet ne dede ſenne
Of this hethene hounde
That beſte the and bounde,
And bete the body to the dethe;
Thar fore Ich may alſe ethe
To water fle in this ſtede,
To fiſch that neuer ſenne dede,
Than her daien in londe
In al this ſaraſines honde.

Beues ſmot his hors that it lep
In to the ſe that wel dep.
Whan he in to the ſe cam,
Ouer the ſe Y wot a-ſwam;
In a dai and in a night
A-bar ouer that gentil knight.
Whan he com of that wilde brok
His gode ſtede him reſede and ſchok,
And Beues for honger in that ſtounde
The hors threw him doun to grounde;
Allas! queth Beues, whan he doun cam,
Whilom Ichadde an erldam,
And an hors gode and ſnel,
That men clepede Arondel;
Now Ich wolde geue hit kof
For a ſchiuer of a lof.

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A-reſtede him ther a lite tide,
His gode ſtede he gan beſtride,
And rod ouer dale and doun,
Til he com to a gret toun;
The leuedi tharof ouer the caſtel lai,
And Beues hire ſone of ſay,
And wende ben al out of care,
And thoughte wel to ſpede thare.
Beues to the caſtel gate rit,
And ſpak to hire aboue him ſit:
Dame, a-ſeide, that ſit aboue,
For that ilche lordes loue,
On wham thin herte is on i-ſet,
Geue me to day a meles met.
The leuedi anſwerde him tho,
Boute thow fro the gate go
The wer beter elles whar than her,
Go or the tit an euel diner;
Me lord, ſhe ſeide, is a geaunt,
And leueth on Mahoun and Teruagaunt,
And felleth criſtene men to grounde,
For he hateth hem aſe hounde.
Be God! queth Beues, I ſwere an othe,
Be him lef and be him lothe,
Her Ich wile haue the mete
With loue or eighe whather I mai gee.
The leuedi ſwithe wroth with alle,
Wente hire forth in to the halle,

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And tolde hire lord anon fore,
How a man hadde i-ſwore
That he nolde fro the yete,
Er he hadde ther the mete.
The geaunt was wonder ſtrong,
Rome thretti fote long.
He tok a leuour in is hond,
And forth to the gate he wond.
Of Beues he nam gode hede,
Ful wel a-knewe Beues is ſtede.
Thow ert nome thef, Y wis,
Whar ſtele thow ſtede Trencheſis
That thow rideſt vpon here?
Hit was me brotheres Grandere.
Grander, queth Beues, Y gaf hod,
And made him a kroune brod,
Tho he was next vnder me feſt
Wel Y wot Ich made him preſt,
And bigh dekne I wile make the
Er Ich euer fro the te.
Thanne ſeide the geaunt, meiff fire,
Slough thow me brother Grandere,
For al this caſtel ful of golde
A-liue lete the Ich nolde.
Ne Ich the, queth Beues, I trowe;
Thus beginneth grim to growe.

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The geaunt that Ich ſpak of er,
The ſtaf that he to fighte ber
Was twenti fote in lengthe be tale,
Thar to gret and nothing ſmale.
To ſire Beues a-ſmot therwith
A ſterne ſtrok withouten grith,
Ac aſailede of his diuis,
And in the heued ſmot Trencheſis,
That dede to grounde fel the ſtede.
O! queth Beues, ſo God me ſpede,
Thow haueſt don gret vileinie,
Whan thow ſparde me bodi,
And for me gilt min hors a-queld,
Thow witeſt him that mai nought weld.
Be God! I ſwere the an oth,
Thow ſchelt nought whan we te goth
Langande me wende fram,
Now thow haueſt mad me gram.
Beues is ſwerde anon vp ſwapte,
He and the geaunt togedre rapte,
And delde ſtrokes mani and fale,
The nombre can nought telle in tale.
The geaunt vp is clobbe haf
And ſmot ſo Beues with is ſtaf,
That his ſcheld flegh fram him thore,
Thre akres brede and ſumdel more.

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Tho was Beues in ſtrong erur,
And karf ato the grete leuour,
And on the geauntes breſt a-wonde
That negh a-felde him to the grounde.
The geaunt thoughte this bataile hard,
Anon he drough to him a dart,
Thourgh Beues ſcholder he hit ſchet,
The blold ran doun to Beues fet.
The Beues ſegh is owene blod
Out of is wit he wex negh wod,
Vnto the geaunt ful ſwithe he ran,
And kedde that he was doughti man,
And ſmot ato his nekke bon;
The geaunt fel to grounde anon.

Beues wente in at caſtel gate,
The leuedi a-mette ther ate.
Dame, a-ſeide, go geue me mete
That euer haue thow Criſtes hete.
The leuedi ſore a-drad withalle
Ladde Beues in to the halle,
And of eueriche ſonde
That him com to honde,
A-dede hire ete al ther ferſt,
That ſhe ne dede him no berſt;
And drinke ferſt of the win
That no poiſoun was ther in.

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Whan Beues hadde ete inough,
A keuerchef to him a-drough,
In that ilche ſtounde
To ſtope mide is wonde.
Dame, dame, Beues ſede,
Let ſadele me a gode ſtede,
For hennes Ich wile ride,
I nel no lenger her abide.
The leuedi ſeide ſhe wolde ſawe,
A gode ſtede ſhe let forth drawe,
And ſadeled hit and wel a-dight.
And Beues that hendi knight
Into the ſadel a-lippte,
That no ſtirop he ne drippte.
Forth him wente, ſire Beuoun,
Til he com with oute the toun
Into a grene mede.
Now, louerd Criſt! a-ſede,
Yeue it Brademond the king,
He, and al is offpring,
Wer right her vpon this grene,
Now Ich wolde of me tene
Swithe wel ben awreke,
Scholde he neuer go ne ſpeke;
Now min honger is me a-ſet,
Ne liſte me neuer fighten bet.

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Forth a-wente be the ſtrem,
Til a-com to Juriſalem,
To the patriark a-wente cof,
And al his lif he him ſchrof.
And tolde him how hit was bego,
Of is wele and of is wo.
The patriark hadde reuthe
Of him and ek of is truethe,
And forbed him vpon his lif
That he neuer toke wif,
Boute ſhe were clene maide.
Nai for ſothe, ſire Beues ſaide.
On a dai agenes the eue
Of the patriarke he tok is leue;
Erliche amorwe whan it was dai
Forth a-wente in is wai.
And al ſo a-rod him ſelf alone,
Lord! a-thoughte whar mai I gone?
Whar Ich into Ingelonde fare?
Nai, a-thoughte, what ſcholde I thare,
Boute yif Ichadde oft to gader
For to ſle me ſtifader?
He thoughte that he wolde an hie
In to the londe of Ermonie,
To Ermonie that was is bane,
To his lemman Joſiane;

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And al ſo a-wente theder right
A-mette with a gentil knight,
That in the londe of Ermonie
Hadde bore him gode companie;
Thai kiſte hem anon with that,
And ather aſkede of otheres ſtat.
Thanne ſeide Beues and lough,
Ichaue fare hard inough,
Sofred bothe honger and chele,
And other peines mani and fele,
Thourgh king Ermines gile;
Yet Ich thenke to yelde is while,
For he me ſente to Brademond
To haue ſlawe me that ſtonde;
God be thankede a-dede nought ſo!
Ac in is priſoun with meche wo
Ichaue leie this ſeuen yare,
Ac now Icham from him i-fare
Thourgh Godes grace and min engyn,
Ac al Ich wite it king Ermyn,
And ne wer is doughter Joſiane
Sertes Ich wolde ben is bane.

Joſiane, queth the knight, is a wif,
Agen hire wille with meche ſtrif.
Seue yer hit is gone and more,
That the riche king Ynore

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To Mombraunt hath hire wedde,
Bothe to bord and to bedde,
And hath the ſwerd Morgelai,
And Arondel the gode palfrai:
Ac ſithe the time that I was bore,
Swiche game hadde Ich neuer before,
Aſe Ich hadde that ilche tide
Whan I ſegh king Ynor ride
Toward Mombraunt on Arondel;
The hors was nought i-paied wel,
He arnede awai with the king
Thourgh felde and wode withouten leſing,
And in a mure don him caſt,
Almeſt he hadde deied in haſt.
Ac er hii wonne the ſtede
Ropes in the contre thai leide,
Ac neuer ſithe withoute fable
Ne com the ſtede out of the ſtable,
So ſore he was arneied that tide
Siththe dorſte no man on him ride.
For this tiding Beues was blithe,
His ioie kouthe he noman kithe.
Wer Joſiane a-thoughte aſe lele
Alſe is me ſtede Arondel,
Yet ſcholde Ich come out of wo.
And at the knight he aſkede tho
Whiderwardes is Mombraunt?
Sere, a-ſede, be Teruagaunt!

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Thow might nought thus wende forth,
Thow moſt terne al agen north.

Beues ternede his ſtede,
And rod north gode ſpede;
Euer a-was paſaunt
Til a-com to Mombraunt.
Mombraunt is a riche cite
In al the londe of Sarſine;
Nis ther non ther to i-liche,
Ne be fele parte ſo riche.
And whan that hende knight Beuoun
Come withouten the toun,
Thar with a palmer he mette
And ſwithe faire he him grette:
Palmer, a-ſede, whar the king?
Sire, a-ſeide, an honting
With kinges fiftene.
And whar, a-ſeide, is the quene?
Sire, a-ſeide, in hire bour.
Palmer, a-ſeide, paramour,
Yem me thine wede
For min and for me ſtede.
God yeue it, queth the palmare,
We hadde driue that chefare.

Beues of is palfrei alighte,
And ſchrede the palmer as a knighte,

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And gaf him is hors that he rod in
For is bordon and is ſklauin.
The palmer rod forth aſe a king,
And Beues wente alſe a bretheling.
Whan he com to the caſtel gate,
Anon he fond ſtonde thar ate
Mani palmer thar ſtonde
Of fele kene londe,
And he aſkede hem in that ſtede
What hii alle thar dede.
Thanne ſeide on that thar ſtod,
We beth i-come to haue gode
And ſo thow ert alſo.
Who, queth Beues, ſchel it vs do?
The quene, God hire ſchilde fro care!
Meche ſhe leueth palmare;
Al that ſhe mai finden here,
Eueriche dai in the yere,
Faine ſhe wile hem fede
And yene hem riche wede,
For a knightes loue, Beuoun,
That was i-boren at South Hamtoun;
To a riche man ſhe wolde him bringe
That kouthe telle of him tiding.
Whanne, queth Beues, ſchel this be don?
A-ſeide, betwene middai and noun.
Beues hit ful wel he ſai
Hit nas boute yong dai,

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A-thoughte that he wolde er than
Wende aboute the barbican,
For to loke and for to ſe
How it mighte beſt be
Yif he the caſtel wolde breke,
Whar a-mighte beſt in reke;
And al ſo a-com be a touret
That was in the caſtel i-ſet,
A-herde wepe and crie,
Thederward he gan him hie.
O allas! ſhe ſeide, Beuoun,
Hende knight of South Hamtoun,
Now Ichaue bide that day
That to the treſte I ne may,
That ilche God that thow of ſpeke,
He is fals and thow ert eke.
In al the ſeuene yer eche dai,
Joſiane, that faire mai,
Was woned ſwich del to make,
Al for ſire Beues ſake.

The leuedi gan to the gate te
The palmeres thar to ſe;
And Beues after anon
To the gate he gan gon.
The palmers gonne al in threſte,
Beues abod and was the laſte,

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And whan the maide ſegh him thar
Of Beues ſhe nas nothing war;
The ſemeſt, queth ſhe, man of anour,
Thow ſchelt this dai be priour,
And beginne oure deis;
The ſemeſt hende and corteis.
Mete and drinke thai hadde afyn,
Bothe piment and plente a wyn.
Swithe wel thai hadde i-fare,
Thanne ſeide the quene to palmare,
Herde euer eni of yow telle
In eni lede or eni ſpelle,
Or in feld, other in toun,
Of a knight Beues of Hamtoun?
Nai, queth al that thar ware.
What thow, ſhe ſeide, niwe palmare?
Thanne ſeide Beues and lough,
That knight Ich knowe wel inough.
Atour, a-ſeide, in is contre
Icham an erl and alſo is he:
At Rome he made me a ſpel
Of an hors men clepede Arondel;
Wide whar Ichaue i-went,
And me warſoun i-ſpent,
I ſought hit bothe fer and ner,
Men telleth me that it is her;
Yif euer louedeſtow wel that knight,
Let me of that hors haue a ſight.

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What helpeth it to make fable?
She ladde Beues to the ſtable.
Joſian beheld him before,
She ſegh his browe to tore;
After Bonefas ſhe gan grede,
At ſtable dore to him ſhe ſede,
Be the moder that me hath bore,
Ner this mannes browe to tore,
Me wolde thenke be his faſoun
That hit were Beues of Hamtoun.
Whan that hors herde neuene
His kende lordes ſteuene,
His rakenteis he al te rof,
And wente into th[e] kourt wel kof,
And neide and made miche pride
With gret ioie be ech aſide.
Allas! tho queth Joſiane,
Wel mani a man is bane,
To dai he worth i-laught
Er than this ſtede ben i-caught.
Thanne ſeide Beues and lough,
Ich can take hit wel inough,
Wolde ye, a-ſede, yeue me leue
Hit me ſcholde no man greue.
Take hit thanne, ſhe ſede,
And into ſtable thow it lede,

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And teie it thar it ſtod,
And thow ſchelt haue mede gode.
Beues to the hors tegh,
Tho the hors him knew and ſegh,
Hit ne wawede no fot
Til Beues hadde the ſtirop;
Beues into the ſadel him threw,
Tharbi that maide him wel knew.
Anon ſeide Joſian with than,
O! Beues gode lemman,
Let me with the reke
In that maner we han i-ſpeke,
And thenk thow me to wiue tok
Whan Ich me falſe godes forſok:
Now thow haſt thin hors Arondel,
The ſwerd Ich the fette ſchel,
And let me wende with the ſiththe
Hom to thin owene kiththe.

Queth Beues, be Godes name!
Ichaue for the ſofred meche ſchame,
Lain in priſoun ſwithe ſtrong,
Yif Ich the louede hit were wrong.
The patriark me het vpon me lif,
That I ne tok neuer wif
Boute ſhe wer maide clene,
And thow haueſt ſeue yer ben a quene,

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And eueri night a king be the,
How mightow thanne maide be?
Merci, ſhe ſeide, lemman fre,
Led me hom to the contre,
And boute the finde me maidewimman
Be that eni man ſaie can,
Send me agen to me fon
Al naked in me ſmok alon.
Beues ſeide, ſo I ſchel,
In that forward I graunte wel.

Bonefas to ſire Beues ſede,
Sire, the is beter do be rede.
The king cometh ſone fro honting,
And with him mani a riche king,
Fiftene told al in tale,
Dukes and erles mani and fale.
Whan hii fond vs alle agon,
Thai wolde after vs euerichon
With wonder gret cheualrie,
And do vs ſchame and vileinie;
Ac formeſte, ſire, withouten fable
Led Arondel into the ſtable,
And ate the gate thow him abide
Til the king cometh bi the ride;
A-wile the aſken at the frome
Whider thow ſchelt and whannes thow come,

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Sai that thow haueſt wide i-went,
And thow come be Dabilent,
That is hennes four iurne,
Sai men wile ther the king ſle,
Boute him come help of ſome other,
And king Ynor is brother;
And whan he hereth that tiding,
Theder a-wile an highing,
With al is power and is oſt;
Thanne mai we with lite boſt
Forth in oure wei go.
Beues ſeide, it ſchel be ſo,
And Arondel to ſtable lad,
As Bonefas him bad,
And to the gate Beues yode
With other beggers that ther ſtode,
And pyk and ſkrippe be is ſide,
In a ſklauin row and wide.
His berd was yelw to is breſt wax,
And to is gerdel heng is fax;
Al thai ſeide that hii ne ſighe
So faire palmer neuer with eighe,
Ne com ther non in that contre,
Thus wondred on him that him gan ſe;
And ſo ſtode Beues in that thring
Til noun belle began to ring.

Fram honting com the king Ynore,
And fiftene kinges him before,

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Dukes, and erles, barouns, how fale,
I can nought telle the righte tale.
Mervaile thai hadde of Beues alle.
Ynor gan Beues to him calle,
And ſeide, palmer, thow comſt fro ferre,
Whar is pes and whar is werre?
Trewe tales thow canſt me ſain.
Thanne anſwerde Beues again,
Sire, Ich come fro Juriſalem,
Fro Nazareth and fro Bedlem,
Emavns caſtel and Synaie,
Ynde, Erop, and Aſie,
Egippte, Greſe, and Babiloine,
Tars, Seſile, and Seſaoine,
In Fris, in Sodeine, and in Tire,
In Aufrik and in mani empire,
Ac al is pes thar Ichaue went
Saue in the lond of Dabilent;
In pes mai no man come thare,
Thar is werre forwe and care.
Thre kinges and dukes fiue
His cheualrie adoun ginneth driue,
And meche other peple i-ſchent,
Cites i-take and tounes i-brent;
Him to a caſtel thai han i-driue
That ſtant be the ſe vpon a cliue,
And al the oſt lith him aboute
Be this to daie a-is in doute.

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King Ynor ſeide, allas! allas!
Lordinges this is a ſori cas;
That is me brother ye witen wel,
That lith beſeged in that caſtel:
To hors and armes, laſſe and more!
In haſte ſwithe that wer thore,
Thai armede hem anon be dene,
Ynor and his kinges fiftene.

Stoutliche the liouneſſe than
Aſailede Beues that doughti man,
And with hire is ſcheld tok
So ſterneliche, ſaith the bok,
That doun it fel of is left hond.
Tho Joſian gan vnderſtonde
That hire lord ſcholde ben ſlawe,
Helpe him ſhe wolde ſawe;
Anon ſhe hente that lioun.
Beues bad hire go ſitte adoun,
And ſwor, be God in trinite,
Bout ſhe lete that lioun be,
A-wolde hire ſle in that deſtreſſe
Aſe fain aſe the liouneſſe.

Tho ſhe ne moſte him nought helpe fighte,
His ſcheld ſhe brought him anon right,

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And yede hire ſitte adoun ſaunfaile,
And let him worth in that bataile.
The liouneſſe was ſtout and ſterne,
Agen to Beues ſhe gan erne,
And be the right leg he him grep,
Aſe the wolf doth the ſchep,
That negh ſhe braide out is ſparlire.
Tho was Beues in gret yre,
And in that ilche ſelue veneu,
Thourgh Godes grace and is vertu,
The liouneſſe ſo hard he ſmot
With Morgelai that biter bot
Euene vpon the regge an high,
That Morgelai in therthe ſligh.
Tho was Joſian ful fain
To that hii were bothe ſlain,
And Beues was glad and blithe,
His ioie ne kouthe he no man kithe,
And ofte he thankede the king in glori
Of is grace and is viktori.
Ac wo him was for Bonefas,
And tho he ſegh non other it nas,
A-ſette Joſian vpon a mule,
And ride furth a lite while,
And metten with a geaunt
With a lotheliche ſemlaunt.
He was wonderliche ſtrong,
Rome threttе fete long;

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His berd was bothe gret and rowe;
A ſpace of a fot betwene is browe;
His clob was to yeue a ſtrok
A lite bodi of an ok.
Beues hadde of him wonder gret,
And aſkede him what a-het,
And yef men of his contre
Were aſe meche aſe was he?
Me name, a-ſede, is Aſcopard;
Garci me ſente hiderward
For to bringe this quene agen,
And the Beues her of ſlen;
Icham Garci is champioun,
And was i-driue out of me toun,
Al for that Ich was ſo lite
Eueri man me wolde ſmite;
Ich was ſo lite and ſo merugh
Eueri man me clepede dwerugh,
And now Ichám in this londe
I woxe mor, Ich vnderſtonde,
And ſtrengere than other tene,
And that ſchel on vs be ſene;
I ſchel the ſle hir yif I mai.
Thourgh Godes help, queth Beues, nai.

Beues prikede Arondel aſide,
Agen Aſcopard he gan ride,

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And ſmot him on the ſcholder an high,
That his ſpere al to ſligh;
And Aſcopard with a retret
Smot after Beues a dent gret,
And with is ofot aſlintte,
And fel with is owene dentte.
Beues of is palfrai alighte,
And drough his ſwerd anon righte,
And wolde haue ſmiten of is heued;
Joſian beſoughte him it were beleued.
Sire, ſhe ſeide, ſo God the ſaue!
Let him liuen and ben our knaue.
Dame, a-wile vs betrai.
Sire, ſhe Ich ben is bourgh, nai.
Thar a-dede Beues omage,
And becom is owene page.
Forth thai wenten alle thre,
Til that hii come to the ſe;
A dromond hii fonde ther ſtonde,
That wolde into hethene londe,
With ſaraſines ſtout and fer,
Boute thai nadde no maroner.
Tho hii ſighe Aſcopard come,
Hii thoughten wel, alle and ſom,
He wolde hem ſurliche hem lede,
For he was maroner god at nede.

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Whan he into the ſchippe cam,
His gode bat an honde he nam,
A-drof hem out and dede hem harm,
Arondel a-bar to the ſchip in is arm,
And after in a lite while,
Joſian and hire mule,
And drowen vp ſaile a[l]ſo ſnel,
And ſailede forth faire and wel,
That hii com withouten enſoin
To the hauen of Coloine.
Whan he to lond kem,
Men tolde the biſchop was is em,
A noble man wis afin,
And highte Saber Florentin.
Beues grete him at that cas,
And tolde him what he was.
The beſchop was glad afin,
And ſeide, wolkome, leue coſin!
Gladder I nas ſethe Ich was bore,
Ich wende thow haddeſt be forlore.
Who is this leuedi ſchene?
Sire, of hetheneſſe a quene;
And ſhe wile, for me ſake,
Criſtendome at the take.
Who is this with the gret viſage?
Sire, a-ſede, hit is me page;
And wile ben i-criſtnede alſo,
And Ich bidde that ye hit do.

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The nexſte dai after than,
The beſchop criſtnede Joſian.
For Aſcopard was mad a koue,
Whan the beſchop him ſcholde in ſchoue,
A-lep anon vpon the benche,
And ſeide, preſt, wiltow me drenche?
The deuel geue the helle pine!
Icham to meche to be Criſtine.

After Joſian is criſting,
Beues dede a gret fighting;
Swich bataile dede neuer non
Criſtene man of fleſch ne bon,
Of a dragoun ther beſide
That Beues ſlough ther in that tide,
Saue ſire Launcelet De Lake,
He fought with a fur drake;
And Wade dede alſo;
And neuer knightes boute thai to.
And Gii a Warwik, Ich vnderſtonde,
Slough a dragoun in North Homberlonde.
How that ilche dragoun com ther,
Ich wille yow telle in what maner.
Thar was a king in Poyle londe,
And another in Calabre, Ich vnderſtonde:
This twe kinge foughte i-fere
More than foure and twenti yere,

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That hii neuer pes nolde
Naither for ſeluer ne for golde,
And al the contre, ſaundoute,
Thai diſtreude hit al aboute:
Thai hadde mani mannes kours,
Whar thourgh hii ferden wel the wors;
Tharfore he deide in dedli ſinne,
And helle pine thai gan hem winne.
After in a lite while
Thai be come dragouns vile,
And ſo thai foughte dragouns i-fere,
Mor than foure and thretti yere.
An ermite was in that londe,
That was feld of Godes ſonde;
To Jheſu Criſt a-bed abone
That he deliure the dragouns ſone
Out of that ilche ſtede,
That hii na more harm ne dede.
And Jheſu Criſt, that ſit in heuene,
Wel herde that ermites ſteuene,
And grauntede him is praiere.
Anon the dragouns bothe i-fere
To here flight and flowe awai,
Thar neuer eft man hem ne ſai.
That on flegh anon with than
Til a-com to Toſcan,
That other dragoun is flight nome
To ſeinte Peter is brige of Rome;

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Thar he ſchel leggen ay,
Til hit come domes dai.
And eueri ſeue yer ones,
Whan the dragoun moweth is bones,
Thanke cometh a roke and a ſtink
Out of the water vnder the brink,
That men ther of taketh the feuere
That neuer after mai he keuere;
And who that nel nought leue me,
Wite at pilgrimes that ther hath be,
For thai can telle yow, I wis,
Of that dragoun how it is.
That other thanne flegh and highe
Thourgh Toſkan and Lombardie,
Thourgh Prouince, withouten enſoine,
Into the londe of Colayne;
Thar the dragoun gan ariue,
At Colayne vnder a cliue.
His eren were rowe, and ek long;
His frount be fore hard and ſtrong;
Eighte toſkes at is mouth ſtod out,
The leſte was ſeuentene ench about;
The her the cholle vnder the ching;
He was bothe leith and grim;
A-was i-maned aſe a ſtede;
The heued a-bar with meche pride;
Betwene the ſcholder and the taile
Foure and twenti fot ſaunfaile;

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His taile was of gret ſtringethe,
Sextene fot a-was a lingthe;
His bodi aſe a win tonne;
Whan hit ſchon the brighte ſonne,
His wingges ſchon ſo the glas;
His ſides wer hard aſe eni bras;
His breſt was hard aſe eni ſton;
A foulere thing nas neuer non.
Ye that wile a ſtounde dwelle,
Of his ſtringethe I mai yow telle.

Beues yede to bedde anight
With torges and with candel light.
Whan he was in bedde i-brought,
On Iheſu Criſt was al is thought.
Him thoughte a king that was wod
Hadde wonded him ther a-ſtod;
He hadde wonded him biter and ſore,
A-wende a-mighte leue na more,
And yet him thoughte a virgine
Him broughte out of al is pine.
Whan he of is ſlepe abraid,
Of is ſweuene he was afraid.
Thanne a-herde a reuli cri,
And beſoughte Iheſu merci,
For the venim is on me throwe,
Her I legge al to blowe,

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And roteth me fleſch fro the bon,
Bote ne tit me neuer mo.
And in is cri a-ſeide allas!
That euer yet I maked was!
Anon whan hit was dai light
Beues awakede, and aſkede right,
What al that cri mighte ben?
His men him anſwerde agen,
And ſeide that he was a knight,
In bataile he was holden wight;
Alſe a-wente him to plaie
Aboute her in this contrai,
In this contre aviroun,
A-mette with a vile dragoun,
And venim he hath on him throwe;
Thar a-lithe al to blowe.
Lord Criſt! queth Beues tho,
Mai eni man the dragoun ſlo?
His men anſwerde withouten leſing,
Thar nis neither emperur ne king
That come thar the dragoun were,
An hondred thoſend men and more,
That he nolde ſlen hem euerichon,
No ſcholde hii neuer thannes gon.
Aſcopard a-ſeide, whar ertow?
Icham her, what wilte now?
Wile we to the dragoun gon?
Thourgh Godes help we ſcholle him ſlo[n].

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Ya, ſire, ſo mot I the,
Bletheliche wile I wende with the.
Beues armede him ful wel,
Bothe in yrene and in ſtel,
And gerte him with a gode bronde,
And tok a ſpere in is honde;
Out ate gate he gan ride,
And Aſcopard be his ſide;
Alſe hii wente in here pleghing
Hii ſpeke of mani ſelkouth thing.
That dragoun lai in is den,
And ſegh come the twei men;
A-made a cri and a wonder,
Aſe hit were a dent of thonder.
Aſcopard was adrad ſo ſore,
Forther dorſte he go na more
A-ſeide to Beues that was is fere;
A wonder thing ye mai here.
Beues ſeide, haue thow no doute,
The dragoun lith her aboute;
Hadde we the dragoun wonne,
We hadde the feireſte pris vnder the ſonne.
Aſcopard ſwor, be ſein Jon!
A fot ne dorſte he forther gon.
Beues anſwe[r]de, and ſeide tho,
Aſcopard, whi ſeiſtow ſo?
Whi ſcheltow afered be[n]
Of thing that thow might nought ſen?

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A-ſwor alſe he moſte then
He nolde him neither hire ne ſen;
Icham weri, Ich mot haue reſte,
Go now forth and do the beſte.
Thanne ſeide Beues this wordes fre,
Schame hit is to terne age.
A-ſmot his ſtede be the ſide,
Agen the dragoun he gan ride;
The dragoun ſegh that he cam,
Yenande agenes him anan,
Yenande and gapande on him ſo
Aſe he wolde him ſwolwe tho.
Whan Beues ſegh that ilche ſight
The dragoun of ſo meche might,
Hadde therthe ſprede anon
For drede a-wolde ther in han gon.
A ſpere he let to him glide,
And ſmot the dragoun on the ſide;
The ſpere ſterte agen anon,
So the hail vpon the ſton,
And to barſt on pices ſiue.
His ſwerd he drough alſe bliue;
Tho thai foughte, alſe I yow ſai,
Til it was high noun dai.
The dragoun was atened ſtronge
That oman him ſcholde ſtonde ſo longe;
The dragoun harde him gan aſaile,
And ſmot his hors with the taile,

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Right amideward the hed,
That he fel to grounde ded.
Now is Beues to grounde brought,
Helpe him God that alle thing wrought!
Beues was hardi and of gode hert,
Agen the dragoun anon a-ſtert,
And harde him a-gan aſaile,
And he agen with ſtrong bataile;
So betwene hem leſte that fight
Til it was the therke night;
Beues hadde thanne ſwich thraſt,
Him thoughte his herte to barſt;
Thanne ſegh he a water him beſide,
So hit mighte wel betide;
Fain a-wolde theder flen,
He ne dorſte fro the dragoun ten;
The dragoun aſailede him fot hot,
With is taile on his ſcheld a-ſmot,
That hit cleuede heuene ato,
His left ſcholder dede alſo.
Beues was hardi of gode hert,
Into the welle anon a-ſtert.
Lordinges, herkneth to me now;
The welle was of ſwich vertu,
A virgine wonede in that londe
Hadde bathede ther in, Ich vnderſtonde,
That water was ſo holi,
That the dragoun ſikerli,

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Ne dorſte neghe the welle aboute
Be fourti fote ſaundoute.
Whan Beues parſeuede this,
Wel glad a-was in hertte, I wis;
A-dede of is helm of ſtel,
And colede him ther in fraiche wel,
And of is helm a-drank thore
A large galon other more;
A-nemeuede ſein Gorge our leuedi knight,
And ſete on his helm that was bright.
And Beues with eger mode,
Out of the welle ſone a-yode;
The dragoun harde him aſaile gan,
He him defendeth aſe a man,
So betwene hem leſte the fight
Til hit ſprong the dai light.
Whan Beues mighte aboute ſen,
Blithe he gan thanne ben,
Beues on the dragoun hew,
The dragoun on him venim threw,
Al ferde Beues bodi there
A foule meſel alſe yif a-were,
Thar the venim on him felle
His fleſch gan ranclen and te belle;
Thar the venim was i-caſt
His armes gan al to braſt;
Al to broſten is ventaile,
And of his hauberk a thoſend maile.

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Thanne Beues ſone an highe
Wel loude he gan to Iheſu crighe:
Lord! that rerede the Lazararoun,
Diliure me fro this fend dragoun!
Tho he ſegh his hauberk toren,
Lord! a-ſeide, that I was boren!
That ſeide, Beues thar a-ſtod,
And leide on aſe he wer wod;
The dragoun harde him gan aſaile,
And ſmot on the helm with is taile,
That his helm cleuede ato,
And his bacinet dede alſo.
Tweies a-ros and tweies a-fel,
The thredde tim ouer threw in the wel,
Thar inne a-lai vp right,
A-neſte whather hit was dai the night:
Whan ouer gon was his ſmerte,
And rekeured was of is herte,
Beues ſet him vp anon;
The venim was awei i-gon,
He was aſe hol a man
Aſe he was whan he theder cam.
On is knes he gan to falle,
To Iheſu Criſt he gan to calle,
Helpe! a-ſeide, Godes ſone,
That this dragoun wer ouer come!
Boute Ich mowe the dragoun ſlon,
Er than Ich hennes gon,

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Schel hit neuer a-ſlawe be
For noman in Criſtente?
To God he made his praiere,
And to Marie his moder dere;
That herde the dragoun ther a-ſtod,
And flegh awei aſe he wer wod.
Beues ran after withouten faile,
And the dragoun he gan aſaile;
With is ſwerd that he out braide,
On the dragoun wel hard a-laide,
And ſo harde a-hew him than,
A-karf ato his heued pan,
And hondred dentes a-ſmot that ſtonde,
Er he mighte keuren a wonde;
A-hitte him ſo on the cholle,
And karf ato the throte bolle.
The dragoun lai on is ſide,
On him a-yenede ſwithe wide;
Beues thanne with ſtrokes ſmerte
Smot the dragoun to the herte,
An hondred dentes a-ſmot in on,
Er the heued wolde fro the bodi gon.
And the gode knight Beuoun,
The tonge karf of the dragoun;
Vpon the tronſoun of is ſpere
The tonge aſtikede for to bere;
A-wente tho withouten enſoine
Toward the toun of Coloine.

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Thanne herde he Beues ringe,
Preſtes, clerkes, loude ſinge;
A man ther he hath i-met,
And ſwithe faire he hath him gret,
And aſked at ilche man tho,
Whi thai ronge and ſonge ſo?
Sire, a-ſeide, withouten faile,
Beues is ded in bataile:
Thar fore for ſothe I ſaie the,
Hit is Beues dirige.
Ne, queth Beues, be ſein Martin!
And wente to biſchop Florentin.
Tho the biſchop hadde of him a ſight,
A-thankede Iheſu ful of might,
And broughte Beues into the toun
With a faire proſeſioun;
Thanne al the folk that thar was
Thankede Iheſu of that gras.

On a dai ſire Beues ſede,
Eue em what to rede
Of me ſtifader Deuoun,
That holdeth me londe at Hamtoun.
The beſchop ſeide anon right,
Koſin, Saber thin em is in Wight,
And eueri yer on a dai certaine,
Vpon themperur of Almaine

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He ginneth gret bataile take,
Beues, al for thine ſake.
He weneth wel that thow be ded,
Thar fore, koſin, be me red,
An hondred men Ich yeue the wighte
Agen themperur to fighte,
Stalworde men and fer:
And thow ſchelt wende to Saber,
Sai, Ich grette him wel i-lome,
Yif he han nede ſendeth to me,
Ich wile yow helpe with al me might
Agen themperur to fight.
While thow doſt this ilche tourne
The leuedi ſchel with me ſoiurne,
And the page Aſcopard
Schel hire bothe wite and ward.
Forth wente Beues with than
To his lemman Joſian;
Lemman, a-ſeide, Ich wile go
And avenge me of me fo,
Yif Ich mighte with eni ginne
Me kende eritage to winne.
Swete lemman, Joſian ſede,
Who ſchel me thanne wiffe and rede?
Beues ſede, lemman min,
Min em the beſchop Florentin,
And Aſcopard, me gode page,
Schel the warde fro damage.

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Ye haue Ich Aſcopard, ſhe ſede,
Of no man ne ſtant me drede;
Ich take the God and ſeinte Marie,
Sone ſo thow might to me thow highe.

Beues wente forth anon,
With is men euerichon
That the biſchop him hadde yeue,
So longe thai hadde here wei i-driue,
That hii come vpon a done,
A mile out of Southhamtone.
Lordinges, to his men a-ſede,
Ye ſcholle do be mine rede.
Haue Ich eni ſo hardi on
That dorre to Hamtoun gon,
To themperur of Almaine,
And ſai her cometh, avintaine,
Al preſt an hondred knighte,
That fore his loue wilen fighte
Bothe with ſpere and with launce,
Al freſch i-come out of Fraunce,
Ac euer an erneſte and arage,
Euer ſpeketh fre[n]ſche laungage,
And ſai, Ich hatte Gerard,
And fighte Ich wile be forward,
And of the meiſtri Icham ſure
Yif he wile yilde min hure?

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Forthther com on redi reke,
That renabliche kouthe Frenſch ſpeke;
Sire, a-ſede, Ich wile gon
The meſage for don anon.
Forth a-wente to the caſtel gate,
The porter a-mette ther ate,
To themperur he hath him lad,
Al a-ſeide aſe Beues him bad.
Themperur and Beues ſete i-fere
That ilche night at the ſopere,
Themperur aſkede him what a-het?
Gerard a-ſede alſe ſket.
Gerard, a-ſeide, for ſoth I wis
This leuedi hadde her er this
An erl to lord or Ich hire wedde,
A ſone betwene hem to thai hadde,
A proud wreche and a ying,
And for ſothe a lite gadling;
So was is fader of proude mode,
I-comen of ſum lether blode,
His ſone that was a proud garſoun,
Men hem clepede Beuoun.
Sone he was of age
A-ſolde me his eritage,
And ſpente his panes in ſcham and ſchonde,
And ſithe flegh out of Ingelonde.

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Now hath he her an em in wight,
Sire Saber, a wel ſtrong knight,
And cometh with gret barnage,
And cleimeth his eritage,
And ofte me doth her gret gile,
And thow might yilden is while
Him to ſle with ſwerd in felde,
Wel Ich wolde thin here yelde.

Sire, queth Beues, anon right,
Ichaue knightes of meche might,
That beth vnarmed her of wede,
For we ne mighte non out lede
Ouer the ſe withouten aneighe,
Tharfore, ſire, ſwithe an highe
Let arme me knightes echon,
And yef hem gode hors forth enon,
An hondred men ſent thow the ſelf,
Aſe mani Ichaue be min helf,
Dight me the ſchip and thin men bothe,
And Y ſchel ſwere the an othe,
That I ſchel yeue ſwiche aſaut
On that ilche Sabaaut,
That withiune a lite while
Thow ſchelt here of a queinte gile.

Al thus themperur hath him dight,
Bothe hors, armes, and knight,

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Thar to ſchipes with gode vitaile
Forth thai wente and drowe ſaile.
In the ſchipe the knightes ſeten, Y wis,
On of here another of his;
Whan thai come amidde the forde
Ech threw is felawe ouer the bord;
Of themperures knightes euerichon
Withinne bord ne leuede non.
Saber hem ful wel y-ſay,
Aſe he vpon is toure lay,
Mani baner he ſegh arered.
Tho was Saber ſumdel a-fered
That themperur with is oft come,
Biker he made wel y-lome.
Beues wiſte wel and ſede
That Saber him wolde drede;
Vpon the higheſte maſtis top there
He let ſette vp a ſtremere
Of his fader armure,
Saber the rather to make ſure;
For mani a time thar beforen
He hadde hit in to bataile boren.
Tho the ſchip to londe drough,
Saber hit knew wel inough,
And thoughte and gan to vnderſtonde
That Beues was come in to Ingelonde.
Lord! a-ſede, hered thow be,
That Ich mai me kende lord ſe;

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That he wer ded Ich was of drad,
Meche ſorwe Ichaue for him had.
A-wente with is knightes bliue
Thar the ſchipes ſcholde ariue;
Gither other gan to kiſſe,
And made meche ioie and bliſſe;
And Beues tolde him in a while,
He hadde do themperur a gile.

Tho ſeide Beues with than,
Haue Ich eni ſo hardi man,
That dorre to Hamtoun gon
Ouer the water ſone anon,
And ſai themperur anon right,
That Inam no Frenſche knight,
Ne that Ine hatte nought Gerard,
That made with him the forward,
And ſai him Ich hatte Beuoun,
And cleymeth the ſeniori of Hamtoun,
And that is wif is me dame,
That ſchel hem bothe terne to grame,
Now of hem bothe togadre
I ſchel ſonde wreke me fadre?
Vp thar ſterte an hardi on;
Sire, a-ſeide, Ich wile gon
The meſſage for doth hem bothe,
And maken hem ſori and wrothe.

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Forth a-wente aſe hot,
Ouer the water in a bot;
Forth a-went alſo whate
In at the caſtel gate;
At the ſoper alſe a-ſet,
Themperur he gan thus gret,
Sire emperur, I the bringe
A ſwithe ſertaine tiding,
Wel the grete that ilche knight
That ſopede with the yerſtene night;
A-ſaith a-hatte nought Gerard,
That made with the the forward,
A-ſaith that he hatte Beuoun,
And cleymeth the ſeniori of Hamtoun,
And is i-come with the to ſpeke,
Of his fader deth to ben awreke,
The to ſle with ſchame and ſchonde,
And for to winne is owene londe.

Themperur herde of him that word;
His ſone ſtod before the bord;
He thoughte with is longe knif
Bereue that meſageres lif;
A-threw is knif and kouthe nought redi,
And ſmot his ſone thourgh the bodi.
The meſager ſpak a gainli word
Before themperur is bord,

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Thow gropedeſt the wif a-night to lowe,
Thow might nought ſen aright to throwe;
Thow haueſt ſo ſwonke on hire to-night
Thow haueſt negh for lore the ſight;
Her thow haueſt lither haunſel,
A worſe the betide ſchel.
And ſmot is hors with the ſpore,
And arnde out at halle dore;
Wel and faire he hath him dight,
And com agen to Beues in Wight,
And tolde a-ſlough is ſone for grame:
Beues lough, and hadde gode game.

Lete we ſire Beues thanne,
And ſpeke of Joſiane
That in Coloine was with Beues em,
Til that he agen theder kem.
In that londe that ilche while
Thar wonede an erl that highte Mile.
To Joſian he hadde his loue caſt,
And gan hire to wowen faſt,
Faire a-ſpak to terne hire thought,
And ſhe ſeide a-was aboute nought.
That erl was wroth in is manere,
For Joſian him nolde here,
And ſpak to hire with loude gret;
For wham, a-ſeide, ſcholde Ich it lete

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Boute Ich mai haue of the me wille,
Ich wile, a-ſeide, who that nille.
She ſeide, while Ichaue Aſcopard,
Of the nam Ich nothing afard.
For the wreththe, ne for thin oft,
Ne for the, ne for thine boſt.
And tho thoughte that erl Mile
To do Joſian a gile:
A leter he let for to write,
In this maner he dede it a-dite;
That Aſcopard come ſcholde
To Beues, thar the letter him tolde,
Into a caſtel in an Yle,
The brede of the water thre mile;
To Aſcopard thai come ſnel,
Thai ſeide, Beues him grette wel,
And beſoughte for is loue
In haſte a-ſcholde to him come.

Forth went Aſcopard aſe hot,
Ouer the water in a bot,
Whan he was ouer the water come,
Hii vnlek the gate at the frome;
And whan he was comen withinne,
Thai ſperede him faſt with ginne.
Agen to Joſian Miles gan terne;
For wham, a-ſeide, ſchel Ich it werne?

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She thoughte for to kepe hire aplight,
She ſente a maſager to Wight,
To Beues be letter, and tolde fore
Altogedre laſſe and more,
Miles wolde haue is wille,
And ſhe bed him holde ſtille;
Nought thegh I ſcholde les me lif,
Boute Ich were the weddede wif;
Yif eni man me ſcholde wedde
Thanne mot Ich go with him to bedde,
I trowe he is nought now here
That ſchel be me wedde fere.
Y ſchel the wedde agenes the wille,
To morwe Y ſchel hit fulfille,
And kiſte hire anon right,
And ſente after baroun and knight,
And bed hem come leſte and meſte
To anoure that meri feſte.

The night is gon, that dai comen is,
The ſpuſaile don hit is,
With merthe in that toun,
And ioie of erl and baroun;
And whan hit drough toward the night
Here ſoper wer redi dight,
And thegh thai richelich weren i-fed
That erl wolde ben a-bed;

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Josian behet lede to bour,
To haue hire vnder couertour;
Vpon hire bedde thar she sat,
That erl com to hire with that,
With knightes gret compainie,
With pyment and with spisorie,
With al the gamen that hii hedde
For to make hire dronke a-bedde;
Ac al another was hire thought,
Ne gamnede hire that gle right nought.

Sire, she seide, to that erl sone,
Ich bidde thow graunte me a bone;
And boute thow graunte me this one,
I ne schel the neuer bedde non;
Ich bidde the at the ferste frome
That man ne wimman her in come,
Belok hem thar oute for loue o me
That no man se our priuite.
Wimmen beth schamfast indede,
And namliche maidenes she sede.
That erl seide a-wolde saine,
A-drof out bothe knight and swaine,
Leuedies, maidenes and grome,
That non ne most ther in come,
And schette the dore with the keie;
Litel a-wende haue be so veie.

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Joſian he com agen to,
Lemman, a-ſeide, Ichaue i-do
The bone, Ichaue do with lawe,
Me ſchon I mot me ſeif of drawe,
Aſe Y neuer yet ne dede;
Adoun a-ſet him in that ſtede:
Thanne was before his bed i-tight,
Aſe fele han of this gentil knight,
A couertine on raile tre,
For no man ſcholde on bed i-ſe.
Joſian bethoughte on highing,
On a towaile ſhe made knotte riding,
Aboute his nekke ſhe hit threw,
And on the raile tre ſhe drew;
Be the nekke ſhe hath him vp tight,
And let him ſo ride al the night.

Joſian lai in hire bed;
No wonder though ſhe wer adred!
Dai is come in alle wiſe,
Amorwe the barouns gonne ariſe,
Sum to honten, and ſum to cherche,
And werkmen gonne for to werche.
The ſonne ſchon hit drough to vnder
The barouns tharof hadde wonder
That therl lai ſo long a bed,
Gret wonder tharof he hedde.

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Queth ſum, let him lie ſtille,
Of Joſian he hath al is wille.
Middai com, hit drough to noune,
The barouns ſpeke ther eft ſonne.
Queth the boldeſt, how mai this be?
Wende Ich wile vp and i-ſe.
That baroun dorſte wel ſpeke,
To the chaumber he gan reke,
And ſmot the dore with is honde
That al wide vpon it wonde.
Awake, a-ſeide, ſire erl Mile,
Thow haueſt ſlepede ſo longe while
Thin heued oweth to ake wel.
Dame, let make him a caudel.
Nai, queth Joſian at that ſake,
Neuer eſt ne ſchel his heued ake.
Ichaue ſo tyled him for that ſore,
Schel hit neuer eft ake more.
Yerſtendai he me wedded with wrong,
And tonight Ichaue him honge;
Doth be me al youre wille,
Schel he neuer eft wimman ſoille.
Al hii made meche ſorwe;
Anon rightes in that morwe,
Sum hire demte thanne
In a tonne for to branne,
Without the toun hii pighte a wake
Thar the fur was i-make,

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The tonne thai hadde ther i-ſet,
Thai fette wode and elet.

Aſcopard with inne the caſtel lay:
The tonne and al the folk he ſay;
Ful wel him thoughte that while
That him trokede a gret gile,
For he was in the caſtel beloke,
The caſtel wal he hath to broke.
He was maroner wel gode,
A-ſtertte into the ſalte flode,
A fiſcher he ſegh fot hot
Euer a-ſwam toward the bot;
The fiſcher wende ſum fend it were,
Out of his bot he flegh for fere.
Aſcopard hente the bot an honde
And him ſelf to the londe;
Toward the fur faſte a-ſchok,
Beues com and him of tok.
Treitour, a-ſeide, whar haſtow be?
This dai thow haueſt betraied me.
Nai, ſire, Aſcopard ſeide,
And tolde Miles him hadde betraide.
Toward the fur thai wente bliue;
The preſt that hire ſcholde ſchriue
Godes bleſſing mote he fonge,
For that he held Joſiane ſo longe!
In hire ſmok ſhe ſtod naked,
Thar the fur was i-maked;

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Aſe men ſcholde hire for brenne,
Beues on Arondel com renne
With is ſwerd Morgelay,
Aſcopard com bė another way,
And ſlowen in that ilche ſtounde
Al that hii aboute the fur founde.
And that he hadde for is while,
That proude erl ſire Mile.
A-ſette Joſian on is palfrai,
And wente forth into here wai;
Thai wente to ſchip anon righte,
And ſailede forth into Wighte.
Wel was Saber paid with than
Of Aſcopard and of Joſian.

Beues and Saber ſente here ſonde
Wide into fele londe,
And hii ſente an hie
After gret cheualrie,
Of al the londe the ſtringeſte knight
That hii owhar finde mighte.

That emperur negh daide;
His wif confortede him and ſaide,
Sire, ſhe ſeide, doute yow nought,
Of gode conſaile Icham bethought.
Te ſcholle ſende for ſertaine
After your oſt into Almaine,

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And whan yowr oft is com togadre,
Send to the king of Scotlonde, me fadre;
He wile come to the an highe
With wonder gret cheualrie,
That thow derſt haue no ſore
Of that thef Saber the hore,
Ne of Beues that is me lothe,
Yit ye ſchollen hem hangen bothe.
Tho the letters were yare
The maſegers wer forth i-fare.
In Mai, whan lef and gras ginth ſpringe,
And the foules merie to ſinge,
The king of Scotlonde com to fighte
With thretti thoſend of hardi knighte
Of Almaine, is owene barouny,
With wonder gret cheualry.
Lordinges, a-ſeide, ye witeth alle,
Whan hii were before him in the halle,
That ofte this thef, Saber the hore,
Me hath aneied ſwithe ſore.
Now is him come help to fighte
Beues of Hamtoun, and hardi knighte,
To ſaraſins was ſolde gone longe;
Ich wende hadde ben an honge;
He me threteth for to ſlen,
And for to winne is londe agen,
With him he hath a geaunt brought;
Erthliche man ſemeth he nought,

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Ne no man of flefch ne felle,
Boute a fend ftolen out of helle;
Afcopart men clepeth him ther oute,
Of him Ichaue fwithe gret doute;
Ac lordinges, a-feide, arme ye wel,
We fcholle befege hem in here caftel;
The Afcopard be ftrong and fterk,
Mani hondes maketh light werk.
For thai wenten afe fnel
Til thai come to the caftel
Thar Saber and Beues weren inne,
Thai pighte pauilouns and bente ginne.

Saber ftod on is tour an high,
Al that gret oft a-figh.
Gret wonder therof he hade,
The holi crois before him he made,
And fwor, be his berde hore,
Hit fcholde fome of rewe it fore.
Saber doun of his tour went,
After al is knightes a-fent,
Has armes lordinges! hem gan fegge,
Themperur theroute vs wile belegge;
Make we thre vintaine,
That be gode and certaine,
The ferfte Ich wile me felf out lede,
And thow that other, Beues, a-fede,

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And Aſcopard the thredde ſchel haue,
With is gode grete ſtaue.
Be we thre vpon the grene,
Wel Ich wot and nought ne wene,
Mani man is thar oute gete
This dai ſchel is lif forlete.
Saber is horn began to blowe,
That his oft him ſcholde knowe.
Lordinges, a-ſeide, ne doute yow nought
Ye ſcholle this dai beholde ſo dought,
That hem were beter at Rome
Thanne hii hadde hider i-come.
Tho themperur herde in caſtel blowe,
Thar bi he gan to knowe
That hii armede hem in the caſtel,
His knightes he het afe ſnel:
Has armes, lordinges, to bataile,
Out hii cometh vs to aſaile!
Twei oftes thai gonne make,
He of Scotlonde hath on i-take;
Themperur that othe ladde;
His deth that dai ther he hadde.

Out of the caſtel cam before
Saber with is berde hore,
And in is compainie
Thre hondred knightes hardie;

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Sire Morice of Mounclere
His ſtede ſmot agenes Sabere,
His ſpere was ſumdel kene,
And Saber rod him agene;
Though is ſpere wer ſcharp i-grounde,
Saber ſlough him in that ſtounde;
Out on Arondel tho com Beuoun,
And mette with is ſtifader Deuoun,
And with a dent of gret fors,
A-bar him doun of his hors;
With Morgelay that wolde wel bite
He hadde ment is heued of ſmite;
His oft cam riding him to
Wel ten thoſend other mo,
So ſtronge were tho hii come
Themperur Beues hii benome,
And broughte him an horſe tho,
Tharfore was Beues ſwithe wo.

Thar com in the thredde part,
With is batte Aſcopard,
Euer alſe he com than
A-felde bothe hors and man;
Thar with was Beues wel a-paide,
A-clepede Aſcopard, and to him ſaide,
Aſcopard, tak right gode hede,
Themperur rit on a whit ſtede;

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Thin hiire Iſchel the yilde wel
With that thow bringe him to me caſtel.
Sire, a-ſeide, I ſchel for ſothe
Into the caſtel bringe him to the.
Aſcopard leide on wel inough,
Bothe man and hors he ſlough;
Thar nas non armur in that londe
That mighte the geauntes ſtrok aſtonde.
The king of Scotlonde with is bat
A-gaf him ſwiche a ſori flat
Vpon the helm, in that ſtounde,
That man and hors fel ded to grounde.
Thanne anon, with oute ſoiur,
A-wente to that emperur,
And haſteliche with might and main
A-hente the hors be the rain.
Wolde he nolde he, faire and wel,
He bar hors and man to the caſtel.
Of al that other ſiker aplighte
That were enſemled in that fighte,
Of Scotlonde and of Almaine,
Beues and Saber with might and maine
With deth is dentes gonne doun driue,
That thar ne ſcapede non aliue.
And thus fire Beues wan the pris,
And vengede him of is enemis,
And to the caſtel thai wente i-ſame,
With gret ſolas, gle and game.

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And that his ſtifader wer ded,
Aſe tit he let felle a led
Ful of bich and of bremſton,
And hot led let falle theron:
Whan hit al ther ſwither ſeth,
Themperur thar in a deth,
Thar a-lay atenende:
Wende his ſaule whider it wende.

His moder ouer the caſtel lai;
Hire lord ſethen in the pich ſhe ſai;
So ſwithe wo hire was for ſore,
She fel and brak hire nekke ther fore.
Alſe glad he was of hire,
Of his damme aſe of is ſtipfire,
And ſeide, damme, foryeue me this gilt,
I ne yaf the nother dent ne pilt.
Thanne al the lordes of Hamteſchire
Made Beues lord and ſire,
And dede him feute and omage,
Aſe hit was lawe and right vſage.
Tho was Beues glad and blithe,
And thankede God ful mani a ſithe,
That he was wreke wel inough
Of him that his fader ſlough.
Wel haſteliche ſhe let ſende
To Coloine after the biſchop hende,

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And ſpuſede Beues and Joſiane.
Of no ioie nas ther wane;
Though Ich diſcriue nought the bredale,
Ye mai wel wite hit was riale;
That ther was in alle wiſe
Mete and drinke, and riche ſeruiſe.

Now hath Beues al is ſtat;
Tweie children on him he beyat
In the formeſte yere,
Whiles that hii were i-fere.
And Saber him redde thar
Wende to the king Edgar,
Tho withinne a lite ſtounde
The king a-fond at Lounde.
Beues aknes doun him ſet,
The king hendeliche a-gret;
The king aſkede him what he were,
And what nedes a-wolde there?
Thanne anſwerde Beuoun,
Ichatte Beues of Hamtoun;
Me fader was ther therl Gii,
Themperur for is leuedi
Out of Almaine com and him ſlough,
Ichaue wreke him wel inough;
Ich bidde before your barnage
That ye me graunte min eritage.

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Bletheliche, a-ſeide, ſone min,
Ich graunte the be ſein Martin!
His marchal he gan beholde,
Fet me, a-ſeide, me yerde of golde;
Gii is fader was me marchal,
Alſo Beues is ſone ſchal.
His yerd he gan him ther take,
So thai atonede with oute ſake.

In ſomer aboute Whitſontide,
Whan knightes meſt an horſe ride,
A gret kours thar was do grede,
For to ſaien here al ther ſtede
Whiche were ſwift and ſtrong.
The kours was ſeue mile long;
Who that come ferſt theder han ſcholde
A thoſand pound of rede golde.
Thar with was Beues paied wel,
Meche a-treſte to Arondel.
Amorwe whan it was dai cler
Ariſeth bothe knight and ſquier,
And lete ſadlen here fole.
Twei knightes hadde the kours i-ſtole,
That hii were to mile before,
Er eni man hit wiſte y-bore.
Whan Beues wiſte this, fot hot
Arondel with is ſpures a-ſmot,

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And is bridel faſte a-ſchok,
Amide the kours he hem of tok.
Arondel, queth Beues, tho,
For me loue go bet, go,
And I ſchel do faire and wel,
For the loue reren a caſtel.
Whan Arondel herde what he ſpak,
Before the twei knightes he rak
That he com rather to the treſore,
Than hii be half and more.
Beues of his palfrai alighte,
And tok the treſore anon righte;
With that and with mor gatel
He made the caſtel of Arondel.

Meche men praiſede is ſtede tho,
For he hadde ſo wel i-go.
The prince bad a-ſcholde it him yeue:
Nay, queth Beues, ſo mot Y leue,
Though thow woſt me take an honde
Al the hors of Ingelonde.
Siththe that he him yeue nele,
A-thoughte that he it wolde ſtele.
Hit is lawe of kinges alle
At mete were croune in halle,
And thanne euericbe marchal
His yerde an honde bere ſchal.

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While Beues was in that ofice,
The kinges ſone that was ſo nice,
What helpeth for to make fable,
A-yede to Beues i-ſtable,
And yede Arondel to nighe,
And alſo a wolde him vntighe;
And tho Arondel, fot hot,
With his hint fot he him ſmot,
And to daſchte al is brain.
Thus was the kinges ſone ſlain.

Men made del and gret weping
For ſorwe of that ilche thing.
The king ſwor for that wronge
That Beues ſcholde ben an honge,
And to drawe with wilde fole.
The barnage it nolde nought thole,
And ſeide, hii mighte do him no wors
Boute lete hongen is hors,
Hii mighte don him na more,
For he ſeuede tho the king before.
Nai, queth Beues, for no catele
Nel Ich leſe min hors Arondele;
Ac min hors for to were
Ingelonde Ich wile forſwere;
Min eir Ich wile make her
This gode knight min em Saber.

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In that maner hii wer at one,
And Beues is to Hamtoun gone.
A-tolde Joſian and Aſcopard fore
Altogedre, laſſe and more.
Beues lep on his rounci,
And made is ſwein Terri,
That Saber is ſone is;
And whan Aſcopard wiſte this,
Whiche wei hii holde take,
Agen to Mombraunt he gan ſchake
To betraie Beues, aſe ye mai ſe,
For he was fulle in pouerte;
For whan a man is in pouerte falle
He hath fewe frendes with alle.

To him ſeide king Ynore,
Treitour, whar baſtow be thus yore?
Sire, a-ſeide, haue fought the quene,
And haue hadde for hire meche tene.
Sire, a-ſeide, certeine for ſothe
Yet Ich kouthe bringe hire to the.
Ich wile the yeue a kingdom right,
Bring thow me that leuedi bright.
Queth Aſcopart, therto I graunt,
Be Mahoun and be Tervagaunt!
So that Ichaue fourti knightes,
Stout in armes and ſtrong in fightes,

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For Beues is ful ſterne and ſtoute,
Of him Ichaue ſwithe gret doute;
He ouercom me ones in bataile,
Me behoueth help him to aſaile.
King Ynor grauntede anon rightes,
He let him cheſe fourti knightes,
And armede hem in yrene wede,
And with Aſcopard thai yede.

Now lete we be this Aſcopard,
And ſpeke of Beues that rit forthward
In is wei til Ermonie,
Thourgh Fraunce and thourgh Normondie.
And Joſiane, Criſt here be milde!
In a wode was beſtonde of childe:
Beues and Terri doun lighte,
And with here ſwerdes logge pighte;
Thai broughte Joſiane ther inne,
For hii ne kouthe no beter ginne.
Beues is ſeruiſe gan hire bede
To helpe hire at that nede.
For Godes loue! ſhe ſeide, nai,
Leue ſire thow go the wai,
For forbede for is pite
That no wimman is priuite
To no man thourgh me be kouthe;
Goth and wendeth hennes nouthe

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Thow and the ſwain Terry,
And let me won the and oure leuedy.
Forth thai wente bothe i-fere,
For hii ne might hire paines here.
Allas! that ilche cherre,
Hii wente fro hire alto ferre.
Alſe hii were out of the weie
She hadde knaue children tweie.
Alſo ſhe diliuered was,
Thar com Aſcopard goande apas,
And fourti ſaraſins, the Frenſch ſeth,
Al i-armede to the teth.
For al hire ſorwe and hire wo,
Thai made hire with hem te go,
And gret ſcorning of hire thai maked,
And bete hire with ſwerdes naked.
Wo was the leuedi in that ſtounde
That was ſo beten and i-bounde,
And in here wei aſe thai gonne wende
She ſeide, Aſcopard freli frende,
For bounte Ich dede the while,
And ſauede the fro perile,
Tho Beues the wolde han ſlawe,
And i-brought of the lif dawe,
Ich was the bourgh the ſchoſt be trewe,
Thar fore I praie on me the rewe,
And geue me ſpace a light wight
For wende out of this folkes ſight

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Te do me nedes in priuite,
For kende hit is wimman to be
Schamfaſte and ful of corteiſie,
And hate dedes of fileinie.
Aſcopard anſwerde here tho,
Whider thow wilt, dame, thow ſchelt go,
So Ichaue of the a ſight.
Thanne Joſian anon right,
Out of the way ſhe gan terne
Aſe ſhe wolde do hire dedes derne.

While ſhe was in Ermonie,
Bothe fyſik and ſirgirie
She hadde lerned of meiſters grete,
Of Boloyne the gras and of Tulete,
That ſhe knew erbes mani and fale
To make bothe boute and bale.
On ſhe tok vp of the grounde,
That was an erbe of meche mounde
To make a man in ſemblaunt there
A foule meſel alſe yif a were;
Whan ſhe hadde ete that erbe, anon
To the ſaraſines ſhe gan gon,
And wente hem forth withoute targing
Toward Ynore the riche king.
Thai nadde ride in here way
Boute fif mile of that contray,

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She was in ſemblaunt and in ble
A foule meſel on to ſe.
Tho ſhe was brought to king Ynore,
To Aſcopard a-ſeide thore,
Who is this wimman thow haſt me brought?
What! a-ſeide, knoweſt hire nought?
She is Joſiane the quene;
Ichaue had for hire meche tene.
Thanne ſeide Ynor, I praie Mahoun
Tharfore yeue the is maliſoun!
Swiche a leudi me to bringe
So foule of ſight in alle thinge.
Led hire awai, God yeue yow ſchame!
The and hire bothe i-ſame.
A caſtel hadde king Ynor
Fro his paleiſe fif mile and mor,
Theder Ynor bad hire lede,
And finde hire that hire wer nede.
Tho Aſcopard, withouten dwelling,
In to that caſtel gan hire bring
In wilderneſſe vpon a plaine,
And half a yer a-was hire wardaine.

Now lete we be of this leuedi,
And ſpeke of Beues and of Terri.
Beues agen is wei benam,
Into the logge that he becam

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Fond he ther nother yong ne elder,
Boute twei hethene knaue childer;
Swithe faire children with alle
Alſe hii were fro the moder falle;
Beues fel thar doun and ſwough:
Terri wep and him vp drough,
And kourſede biter that while
Aſcopard is treſoun and is gile.
The kottede here forers of ermin,
The yonge children wende ther in;
Thar nolde hii no longe abide,
Thei lope to horſe and gonne ride;
In the wode a forſter thai mette,
And ſwithe faire thai him grette;
God the bleſſe, ſire! Beues ſede,
Sighe the eni leuedi her forth lede
Owhar be this ilche way?
Sire, for Gode! a-ſeide, nay.
What dones man, ertow bacheler?
Sire, a-ſeide, a forſter.
Forſter, ſo Criſt the be milde!
Wiltow lete criſten this hethen childe?
Right lo now hit was i-bore,
And yong hit hath is moder forlore;
Wilt thow kep it for of min a-ſede,
And Iſchel quite wel the mede?
The forſter him grauntede ther,
To kepe hit al the ſeuer yer.

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Sire, what ſchel it hote yet?
Gii, a-ſede, aſe me fader het;
Right ſone ſo he is of elde,
Tech him bere ſpere and ſchelde.
That child the forſter he betok,
And forth in is wei a-ſchok.
Another man a-mette there,
That ſeide a-was a fiſchere,
Ten mark Beues him betok,
And that other child to lok,
And he him ſelf at the cherche ſtile
He let neuene the child Mile.
Thar nolden lengere abide,
Thai lope to hors and gonne ride
Ouer dale and ouer doun,
Til thai come to a gret toun,
And at a faire in thai lighte,
And riche ſoper thai gonne hem dighte.
Beues at a wendowe lokede out,
And ſegh the ſtrete ful aboute
Of ſtedes wrien and armes bright,
A wonder him thoughte what it be might:
At here oſteſſe he aſkede there
What al the ſtoute ſtedes were?
Sire, a-ſeide, veraiment,
Thai ben come for a tornement,
That is cride for a maide faire,
A kinges doughter and is air.

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Who that thar be beſte knight,
And ſtireth him ſtoutliche in that fight,
He ſchel haue that maide fre,
And Aumbeforce the faire contre.
Thanne ſeide Beues vnto Terry,
Wile we tornaie for that leuedy?
Ye ſire, a-ſede, be ſein Thomas of Ynde!
Whan wer wened he by hinde,
We ſcholle lete for non nede
That we ne ſcholle manliche forth vs bede.

Amorwe the lauerkes ſonge,
Whan that the light day was ſpronge,
Beues and Terry gonne ariſe,
And greithede hem in faire queintiſe;
Here armes were riale of ſight,
With thre eglen of aſur bright,
The chaumpe of gold ful faire tolede,
Portraid al with roſen rede.
And Terri, Saberes ſone of wight,
In riche armes alſo was dight.
Aſe thai com ride thourgh the toun,
Erles, barouns of renoun,
Hadde wonder of here armes ſlie,
In that londe neuer ſwich thai ſie.

The trompes gonne here Beues blowe,
The knightes riden out in a rowe,

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And tho the tornement began.
Thar was ſamned mani a man
The tornement to beholde,
To ſe the knightes ſtout and bolde.
Thai lede on aſe hii were wode,
With ſwerdes and with maces gode;
Thar nolde no man other knowe,
Thar men mighte ſe in lite throwe
Knightes out of ſadel i-boren,
Stedes wonne and ſtedes loren.
The kinges ſone of Aſie
Thoughte wenne the meiſtrie,
Out of the renge he com ride,
And Beues nolde no leng abide,
He rod to him with gret randoum,
And with Morgelai is fauchoun
The prince a-felde in the feld;
He was boren hom vpon is ſcheld.
And alſo Beues adoun bar
A noble duk that was thar,
In Aumbeforce cleped a-wes
Balam of Nuby, withouten les,
Taile ouer top he made him ſtoupe,
And felde him ouer is horſes croupe.
And ſeuen erles he gan doun thrawe,
Sum i-wonded and ſum y-ſlawe.
Saber is ſone, that highte Terry,
Kedde that he was knight hardy,

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He leide on alſe he wolde awede,
And wan his lord mani gode ſtede.
Alle tho that hii mighte hitte,
No man mighte here ſtrokes ſitte.
So Beues demeinede him that dai,
The maide hit in the tour ſay,
Hire hertte gan to him acorde,
That ſhe wolde haue him to lorde,
Other with loue, other with ſtrif.
And euer, a-ſeide, he hath a wif,
And ſeide, ſhe was ſtolen him fro.
Thanne ſaide the maide, now it is ſo,
Thow ſchelt al this ſeuen yere
Be me lord in clene manere,
And yif the wif cometh the agen,
Terry the ſwein me lord ſchel ben.
Beues ſeide, ſo Iſchel,
In that forward I graunte wel.

Saber at Hamtoun lai in is bed;
Him thoughte Beues a wonde hed;
Away he was him thoughte that while,
Toward ſein Jemes and ſein Gile.
Whan he awok he was afraid,
To his wif is ſweuene a-ſaid.
Sire, ſhe ſeide, thow haueſt wrong
That thow dwelleſt her ſo long;

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Alſe Icham wimman i-bore,
Wif or child he hath forlore,
Thourgh Aſcopard he hath that gile.
Twelf knightes Saber let atile
In palmer is wedes euerichon,
And armede hem right wel anon;
Here bordones were i-maked wel
With longe pikes of wel gode ſtel,
And whan thai were ſo i-dight
To ſchipe thai wente anon right,
And paſede ouer the Grikiſche ſe;
Gode winde and weder hadden he.
Whan thai come to the londe,
Faſte thai gonne fraine and fonde
In what londe were the quene,
And men tolde hem albedene
How the geaunt Aſcopard
In a caſtel hire hadde to ward,
In wilderneſſe al be ſelue.
Tho Saber and is feren twelue,
Thourgh help of God that ilche ſtounde,
Sone thai han the caſtel founde.
The caſtel aſe ſhe yede aboute
For to diuiſe the toures ſtoute,
Joſian lay in a tour an high,
Saber and felawes ſhe ſigh,
And to him ſhe gan to crie,
Help, Saber, for loue of Marie!

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Tho Aſcopard herde that ſteuene
How ſhe gan Saber to neuene,
He wente him out with hertte wroth,
And be Mahoun a-ſwor is oth
To dethe a-ſcholde Saber dighte.
His ſclauin ech palmer of twighte,
Tho ſchon here armur wel clere;
Tho Saber and his felawes i-fere
Aboute Aſcopard thai thringe,
And harde on him thai gonne dinge,
And hew him alle to pices ſmale,
And broughte Joſian out of bale;
And haſteliche tho, veraiment,
Joſian with an oiniment,
Hire coulur that was lothli of ſight
She made bothe cler and bright.

Tho Saber that was wis of dede,
Joſian hire dighte in palmers wede,
And forth thai wente haſteli
To ſeche Beues and ſire Terri;
Seue yer togedres thai him ſought,
Er than hii him finde noughte.

In grete Greſe, ſo ſaith the bok,
Saber gret ſikeneſſe tok,
That other half yer in none wiſe
Ne mighte he out of is bed ariſe,

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And treſor he nadde na more
Than half a mark of olde ſtore.
While Joſian was in Ermonie,
She hadde lerned of minſtralcie
Vpon a fithele for to play
Staumpes notes garibles gay;
Tho ſhe kouthe no beter red
Boute in to the bourgh anon ſhe yed,
And boughte a fithele, ſo faith the tale,
For fourti panes of one menſtrale;
And alle the while that Saber lay,
Joſian euerich a day
Yede aboute the cite withinne,
Here foſtenaunſe for to winne;
Thus Joſian was in ſwiche deſtreſſe
While Saber lai in is ſikneſſe.
At that other half yer is ende,
Swiche grace God him gan ſende,
And heled him of his maladie,
And forth thai wente haſtelie
Beues and Terry for to ſeche,
Wheder that God hem wolde teche.
So thourgh a toun thai com thringe
Thar Beues was in alſo a kinge;
A-broughte Joſian at here inne,
And wente te toun here mete to winne.
Whan he com to the caſtel gate,
Terry is ſone a-mette ther ate,

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That was ſtiward of al that londe;
And Saber gan to vnderſtonde
That hit was is ſone Terry,
And bad him for loue of our leuedy,
And for loue of the gode rode,
Yeue him ſum what of hire gode.
Terry beheld Saber ful bliue,
And ſeide, palmer, ſo mot Y priue,
Thow ſchelt haue mete riche,
For loue of me fader thert iliche.
So ſeide the moder, ſone, that i-was:
And Terry him in is armes las,
And gonne cleppen and to kiſſe,
And made meche ioie and bliſſe.
Saber Joſian wel faire gan dighte,
And broughte hire to the caſtel righte,
And tok hire ſire Beues to honde,
Ne cam him neuer leuer ſonde.
Louerd Criſt! queth Joſian tho,
Swithe wel is me bego
That Ichaue me lord i-fonde;
Hadde Ich me children hol and ſonde!
That hii were ded wel ſhe wende.
Beues after hem let ſende;
Than com the fiſcher and the forſter,
And broughte the children of fair cher;
Thanne weddede Terry
Of that londe the riche leuedy,

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And after mete thar it was
The children pleide at the taluas,
And to the iuſtes thai gonne ride:
Thar was ioie be eueri ſide.

Thanne ſire Beues and ſire Terry
Wente hem in til Ermonie,
And Joſian and ſire Sabere,
And Miles and Gii bothe ifere.
With that was come king Ynore
To yeue bataile Ermyn the hore;
I-pight he hadde is pauiloun
To beſege him in that toun;
With that com Beues in that tide
With gret folk be that other ſide.
Tho was Ermyn afered ſore
For treſoun he hadde don him before;
Agen Beues anon a-yede
And merci cride of his miſ-dede,
And ſire Beues tho, veraiment,
Forgaf him alle is mauntalent,
And ſeide a-wolde anon righte
Agen Ynor take the fighte.
Out of the cite Beues rod,
And al is oſt withouten abod,
And ſlough doun rightes mani and fale,
Sixti thoſand told in tale.

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And Beues threw Ynor adoun,
And ſente him Ermin to priſoun.
He gan him take be the honde,
The king Ermin gan vnderſtonde
That he ne ſchel nought ſcape awai,
Withoute gret ranſoun for to pai.
Tho ſwor Ynor to king Ermin,
Be Mahoun and be Apolyn!
That gret raunſoun paie he wolde
Sixti pound of rede golde,
Foure hondred beddes of ſelke echon,
Quiltes of gold thar vpon,
Foure hondred copes of gold fyn,
And aſe fele of maſlin.
Ye, ſeide Beues, a-ſend it me,
And wend hem to the contre.
A maſager a-ſente with main
To Tabefor his chaumberlain,
And he him ſente that raunſoun;
Thus com Ynor out of priſoun.

Now let we be of king Ynore,
And ſpeke we of Ermin the hore
That in is bedde ſike lay;
So hit befel vpon a day,
Er he out of this world went,
After Beues children a-ſent.

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He clepede to him ſire Gii,
And with is croune gan him crouny,
And gaf him alle is kenedom;
Sone thar after hit becom,
That a-daide at the ende;
To heuene mote his ſaule wende!

Thanne ſire Beues and ſire Gii,
Al the londe of Ermony
Hii made Criſten with dent of ſwerd,
Yong and elde, lewed and lered.
So hit befel vpon an eue
Saber of Beues tok leue,
Hom te wende to his contre,
His wif his children for to ſe.
Ne ſtente neuer ſire Saber
Til that he in Inglelonde were:
Wel ſore aneighed ſchel Beues be
Er than he Beues eft i-ſe.
The king Ynor hadde a thef,
God him yeue euel pref
For that he kouthe ſo wel ſtele!
He ſtel Beues Arondele
With his charmes that he kouthe,
And broughte hit Mombraunt be ſouthe,
And preſentede the king Ynore.
The king be Mahoun hath ſwore
That Beues ſcholde abegged ſore
The raunſoun that he hadde before.

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Now ſire Beues let we gan,
And to ſire Saber wile we tan.
Saber at Hamtoun in bedde lay,
Him thoughte that he Beues ſay
In bataile wo begon,
And al to hewe fleſch and bon.
Tho he abraide out of is ſweuene,
To his wif a-tolde hit ful euene
Altogedres how him met.
O ſire, ſhe ſeide, withouten let,
Be the ſweuene ful wel I wat
That Beues is in ſemple ſtat;
He hath for loren Arondel,
And that I wet ſinliche wel.
Saber was wo for that ſake:
Eft ſcrippe and bordoun he gan take,
And tok leue of his wif,
And to Beues a-wente belif.
Beues was glad that he was come,
And tolde his hors was him benome,
A roboun hit ſtal ful yore
And hath yeue hit to king Ynore.
That Saber ſeide, a-thenketh me
Boute yif Ich mighte winne it age.
Agen to Mombraunt wente Saber,
Thar men watrede the deſtrer;

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Hit haueth breſtes thikke and proute.
Which is the kroupe? terne aboute.
Aboute he ternede the deiſtrer.
Vp behinde lep Saber,
And ſmot the ſaraſin ded adoun
With the pik of his bordoun.
To the king Ynor he gan grede,
Lo! Arondel Ich awei lede,
Ye him ſtele with envie,
And Ich him feche before your eie.
The king Ynor was ſwithe wo,
And after Saber thai gonne go;
Thre thoſend hath Saber beſet:
Joſian ſtond in a toret,
Al this folk ſhe ſegh ful wel,
And Saber com ride on Arondel:
Out of the tour ſhe wente adoun,
And ſeide, Beues of Hamtoun,
Her cometh Saber vpon the ſtede,
Iheſu Criſt him yade him is mede!
Ac he is beſet al aboute
With wonderliche grete route;
Almoſt he is point to ſpille.
Has armes! Beues cride ſchille.
Ferſt ſmot out the yonge king Gii,
And Miles with gret cheualry;
Thai com to Saber at that ſtour,
And broughte Saber gode ſokour,

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And leide on with alle here might,
And ſlowe ſaraſines adoun right.
Of al that ſewede him ſo yerne
To Mombraunt gonne neuer on terne;
That thai ner ded vpon the grene
Eueri moder ſone I wene:
And thus Saber in this wiſe
Wan Arondel with is queintiſe.
Now mowe ȝe here forthormore
Ful ſtrong bataile of king Ynore.
Ac er than we beginne fighte,
Ful vs the koipe anon righte!

The king Ynore him ros amorwe,
In his hertte was meche ſorwe.
He let of ſende and highing
Thretti amirales and ten king.
Thai armede hem in yrene wede,
To Ermonie he gan hem lede;
Hii pighte pauilouns and bente ginne
For to beſege hem ther inne,
And Ynore clepede at that cas
Morable and ſire Judas.
Redeth me, a-ſeide, aright,
Yif Ich mai vnderſtonde this fight
Agen Beues of Hamtoun,
That is ſo ſtout a baroun;

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We redeth meintene your parti.
He lep to hors and gan to crie,
Sire Beues of Hamtoun, a-fede,
That haueſt thar inne gret ferede,
And Ich her oute mani ſtout knight
Ichaue brought with me to fight,
And yif we bataile ſchel abide,
Gret ſlaughter worth in either ſide.
Wiltow graunte be then helue
That Ich and thow mote fighte of ſeleue?
Yif thow ſleſt me in bataile,
Al min onour withouten faile
Ich the graunte thourgh and thourgh,
Bothe in cite and in bourgh.
Here glouen thai gonne vp holde
In that forward that Ynor tolde,
And armede hem in armes brighte,
And lopen to horſe anon righte,
In an yle vnder that cite,
Thar that ſcholde the bataile be.
Ouer that water thai gonne ride,
To hire Godes thai bede in either ſide.
Beues bad help to Marie ſone,
And king Ynor to ſein Mahoune.
Aſe Beues bad helpe to Marie,
To Teruagaunt Ynor gan crie,
That he ſcholde help in that fight,
Alſo he was king of meche might.

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With that hii ride togedres bothe,
Aſe men that were in hertte wrothe.
So hard thai gonne togedres mete,
And with here launces gonne grete,
That thourgh the ſcheldes the ſperes yode,
At the breinies the dent with ſtode.
So harde thai threſte to gedre tho
That here gerthes borſte ato,
And felle to grounde bothe tho,
A fote nedes thai moſte go.
Out of here ſadles thai gonne ſpringe,
And with fauchouns togedere flinge;
Aither on other ſtrokes ſet,
Of helm and ſcheld and bacinet
The fure braſt out ſo brond i-brent,
So fel and eger was either dent.
Thus togederes thai gonne dinge
Fram prime to vnderne gan to ringe;
Alle that ſighen hem with ſight,
Seide neuer in none fight
So ſtronge bataile ſighe er than,
Of ſaraſin ne of Criſtene man.

At high midday the king Inore
To Beues he ſmot a dent ful ſore,
That ſercle of gold and is creſtel
Fer into the mede fel;

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Doun of the helm the ſwerd gan glace,
And karf right doun before is face,
Doun right the viſer with is ſwerd,
And half the her vpon is berd;
Ac thourgh the help of Godes grace
His fleſch nothing atamed nas.
Tho cride the ſaraſins al at ones,
This Beues with his grete bones
Ful ſone worth i-maked tame.
Tho wex Beues in gret grame,
And thoughte wel with Morgelay
Yelden his ſtrok yf that he may.
To king Ynor he gan a-reche,
Anon withoute more ſpeche,
Vpon the ſcholder in that tide
That half a fot hit gan in glide.
For ſmertte Ynor in that ſtounde
Fel aknes vnto the grounde,
Ac vp he ſterte in haſte than,
And in wraththe to Beues ran,
And thoughte han Beues aqueld;
And Beues keppte him with is ſcheld,
And Ynore with the ſtrok of yre
Made fle into the riuere,
A large quarter of his ſcheld,
That neuer nas atamed in feld.
Or Ynor mighte his hond with drawe,
Beues the knight of Criſtene lawe

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With Morgelay a-ſmot him tho,
That his ſcheld he clef ato,
And his left hond be the wreſt
Hit flegh awei thourgh help of Criſt.
Whan Ynor hadde his hond lore,
He faught aſe he wer wod ther fore,
And hew to Beues in that tide,
No ſtrok ne moſte other abide.
Tho Beues ſegh is ſtrokes large,
He kepte his ſtrokes with is targe;
Tho Beues to Ynor gan ſlinge,
And thourgh the might of heuene king,
His right arm and is ſcholder bon
He made fle to gronde anon.
With that ſtrok Ynor the Mombraunt
Cride, merci, Teruagaunt!
Mahoun, Gouin and Gibiter,
Reſcue now me ſaule her,
For wel Ich wot Icham dede!
Tho Beues herde him ſo grede,
He ſeide, Ynor let be that cri,
And clepe to God and to Mari,
And let the Criſten er the deie,
Or thow ſchelt go the worſſe weie,
And withouten ende dwelle
In the ſtronge peine of helle.
Nay, queth Ynor, ſo mot Y then,
Criſtene wile Ich neuer ben,

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For min is wel the beter lawe.
Tho Beues herde that ilche ſawe,
A-felde him doun withouten faile,
And vnlacede his ventaile,
And tok him be the heued anon,
And ſtrok hit fro the ſcholder bon;
And on his ſpere he hit pighte.
And tho the criſten ſighe that ſighte,
Thai thankede God in alle wiſe
That Beues hadde wonne the priſe.
Thanne al the ſaraſins laſſe and more,
That was y-come with king Ynore,
Thai ſighe her lordes heued arered,
Sore thai weren alle afered;
Toward Mombraunt thei wolde fain,
Ac Saber made hem terne again,
And ſire Beues and ſire Terry,
And ſire Miles and ſire Gii,
Slough hem doun rightes thore,
That ther ne ſcapede laſſe ne more.

Tho crounede thai Beues king in that lond
That king Ynore held in hond;
And Joſiane, bright and ſchene,
Now is ſhe ther twies quene.
On a dai thai wente ariuere,
Thar com ride a maſagere,

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And euer he aſkede fer and ner
After the hende knight Saber.
Anon Saber gan forthe ſpringe,
Maſager, a-ſede, what tiding?
Sire, a-ſede, the king Edgare
The driueth to meche biſmare,
Deſereteth Robaunt thin eyr;
For God queth that is nought feir.
And ſire Saber in haſte tho
Tok leue of Beues hom to go;
And ſire Beues, corteis and hende,
A-ſeide a-wolde with him wende,
And ſire Miles and ſire Gii,
And is owene ſone Terry.

Now wendeth Beues in te Ingelonde
With is knighte fel to fonde;
And Terry with is knightes fale,
Sexty thoſend told in tale,
Thai lende ouer the ſe beliue,
At Southhamtoun thai gonne vp riue.
Heruebourgh Saber is wif,
And Robaunt anon aſe blif,
Agen Saber come tho.
Queth Saber, how this is i-go?
And thai him tolde at the frome,
That Edgar hadde here londes benome.

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Thanne ſeide Beues ſo mot Y the,
Tharof Ich wile awreke be.

Anon the knight, ſire Beuoun,
His oſt he let at Hamtoun,
And toward Londen a-wente ſwithe;
His quene a-let at Potenhithe.
He tok with him ſex knightes,
And wente forth anon rightes,
And in is wei forth a-yode
And paſede ouer Temſe flode;
To Weſtmenſter whan he com than
A-fond the king and mani man,
And on is knes he him ſet,
The king wel hendeliche a-gret,
And bad before his barnage
That he him graunte is eritage.
Bletheliche, a-ſeide, ſone min,
I graunte the be ſeinte Martin!
And alle the barouns that ther were
On Beues made glade chere,
Boute the ſtiward of the halle,
He was the worſte frend of alle.
The king wolde haue yeue him grith,
The ſtiward ſeide, nay ther with,
And ſeide, this for banniiſte man
Is come the land agan,

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And hath thin owene ſone ſlawe;
He hath y-don agenes the lawe,
And yif a-mot forth er gon,
A-wile vs ſlen euerichon.
Beues that herde a-was wroth,
And lep to hors withouten oth;
And rod to Londen that cite,
With ſex knightes in meine.
Whan that he to London cam
In Tour ſtrete is in he nam,
And to the mete he gan gon,
And is knightes euerichon.

Let we now Beues be,
And of the ſtiward telle we
That hateth Beues al ſo is ſo.
Sexty knightes he tok and mo,
In to Londene ſone he cam,
And into Chepe the wei he nam,
And dede make ther a cri
Among the peple haſteli,
And ſeide, lordinges, veraiment,
Hureth the kinges comaundement;
Sertes hit is befalle ſo,
In your cite he hath a ſo,
Beues, that ſleugh the kinges ſone,
That treſoun ye oughte to mone;

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I comaunde, for the kinges ſake,
Swithe anon that he be take.

Whan the peple herde that cri,
Thai gonne hem arme haſteli,
And hii that hadde armur non
Thai toke ſtaues and gonne gon;
Thai ſchette anon eueri gate
With the barres thai founde ther ate;
And ſum thai wente to the wal
With bowes and with ſpringal;
Eueri lane and eueri ſtrete
Was do drawe with chaines grete,
That yif Beues wolde awei flen
The chaines ſcholde him agen;
Boute herof Beues weſte nought,
Help him God that alle thing wrought!
Beues at the mete ſat;
He beheld and vnder yat
Al is fon that were ther oute;
He was afered of that route.
He aſkede at the tauarnere
That armede folk what it were?
And he anſwerde him at that ſake,
Thai ben y-come the to take.
Whan Beues herde him ſpeke ſo,
To a chaumber he gan go

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That he hadde ſeghe armur inne;
In haſte the dore he gan vp winne,
And armede ther anon rightes
Bothe he and is ſex knightes,
And gerte him with a gode brond,
And toke a ſpere in is honde,
Aboute his nekke a doble ſcheld;
He was a knight ſtout and belde.
On Arondel a-lep that tide
Into the ſtrete he gan ride;
Thanne ſeide the ſtiward to ſire Bef,
A-yilt the treitour thow foule thef!
Thow haueſt the kinges ſone i-ſlawe,
Thow ſchelt ben hanged and to drawe.

Beues ſeide, be ſein Jon!
Treitour was Y neuer non;
That Iſchel kethe haſtely
Er than Ich wende ſikerly.
A ſpere Beues let to him glide,
And ſmot him vnder the right ſide;
Thourgh is bodi wente the dent,
Ded a-fel on the pauiment.
A-ſede anon after that dint,
Treitour! now is the lif i-tint;
Thus men ſchel teche file glotouns
That wile miſaie gode barouns.

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The folk com with grete route,
Beſette Beues al aboute;
Beues and is ſex knightes
Defendede hem with al her mightes;
So that in a lite ſtounde
Fiue hondred thai broughte to gronde.
Beues prikede forth to Chepe,
The folk him folwede al to hepe,
Thourgh Godes lane he wolde han flowe,
Ac ſone with in a lite throwe
He was beſet on bothe ſide
That fle ne might he nought that tide.
Tho com ther fot men mani and fale,
With grete clobes and with ſmale,
Aboute Beues thai gonne thringe,
And hard on him thai gonne dinge.
Al Beues knightes in that ſtounde
Thar he were feld to grounde,
And al te hewe fleſch and bon;
Tho was Beues wo begon,
For he was on and hii wer ded,
For ſorwe kouthe he no red,
That lane was ſo narw y-wrought,
That he mighte defende him nought;
He, ne Arondel is ſtede,
Ne mighte him terne for non nede.
To Iheſu he made his praiere,
And to Marie is moder dere,

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That he moſte paſe with is lif
To ſen is children and is wif.
Out of the lane a-wold ten,
The chynes held him faſte agen,
With is ſwerd he ſmot the chayne
That hit fel a peces twayne,
And forth a-wente into Chepe;
The folk him folwede al to hepe,
And all thai ſetten vp a cry,
A-yilt the Beues haſtely!
A-yilt the Beues ſone anon,
And elles thow ſchelt the lif forgon!
Beues ſeide, Ich yelde me
To God that ſit in Trinite,
To non other man I nel me yelde,
While that Ich mai me wepne welde.
Now beginneth the grete bataile
Of ſire Beues withouten faile,
That he dede agenes that cite;
Ye that wile here herkneth to me.

This was aboute the vnder tide;
The cri aros be ech aſide,
Bothe of lane and of ſtrete,
Aboute him com peple grete,
Al newe and freſch with him to fight;
Ac Beues ſtered him aſe gode knight,
So that in a lite thrawe
Fif thoſend thar was i-ſlawe

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Of the ſtrengeſte that ther wore
That him hadde yeue dentes fore:
Ac euer his ſtede Arondel
Faſte faught with hertte lel,
That fourty fote behinde and forn
The folk he hath to grounde i-born.
Thus that fight leſte longe
Til the time of eueſonge;
Tidinge to Potenhithe
To Joſian alſo ſwithe,
That Beues in Londen was i-ſlawe,
And i-brought of his lif dawe.
Joſian thanne fel aſwowe,
Gii and Miles hire vp drowe,
And confortede that leuedi bright
Hendeliche with alle her might,
And aſkede hire what hire were?
And ſhe tolde hem anon there,
How Beues was in Londen ſlayn,
And his knightes with gret pain;
Now kethe ye ben noble knightes,
And wreketh your fader with your mightes.
Sire Gii and Miles ſeide than
To here moder Joſian,
Dame, be him that herwede helle!
We ſcholle his deth wel dere ſelle.
Thanne ſire Miles and ſire Gii
Gonne hem arme haſteli,

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And on here knes ſet hem doun,
And bad her moder beneſoun.
Sire Gii lep on a rabit
That was meche and nothing lite,
And tok a ſpere in is hond,
Out at the halle dore a-wond,
Toward the cite of Londen toun;
And ſire Miles with gret randoun
Lep vpon a dromedary,
To prike wolde he nought ſpary.
Whan thai come to Londen gate
Mani mn thai fonde ther ate,
Wel i-armed to the teth,
So the Frenſche bok vs ſeth;
Agen the childrer the yeue bataile,
And hii agen withouten faile,
And made of hem ſo clene werk
That thai neuer ſpek with preſt ne clerk;
And afterward, aſe ye may hure,
Londe gate thai ſette a-fure.
Whan thai come withouten faile,
Tho began a gret bataile,
Betwene Bowe and Londen ſton,
That time ſtod vs neuer on.

Thar was a Lombard in the toun,
That was ſcherewed and feloun;

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He armede him in yrene wede,
And lep vpon a ſterne ſtede,
And rod forth with gret randoun,
And thoughte haue ſlawe ſire Beuoun.
With an vge maſnel
Beues a-hite on the helm of ſtel,
That Beues of Hamtoun, veraiment,
Was aſtoned of the dent;
What for care and for howe
He lenede to his ſadel bowe.
Thanne com priken is ſone Gii
To helpe his fader haſtely,
With a ſwerd drawe in is hond,
To that Lombard ſone a-wond,
And ſmot him ſo vpon the croun
That man and hors he cleuede doun;
The poynt fel on the pauiment,
The fur ſprong out after the dent.
Thanne com ride is brother Mile,
Among the peple in that while,
Al tho that a-mighte reche
Ne dorſte he neuer aſke leche,
For to hele ther is wonde,
That he ne lai ded vpon the grounde.
And whan Beues ſegh that ſighte,
In hertte he was glad and lighte,
And thankede Jheſu our ſauiour,
That hadde ſent him ſo gode ſokour,

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And egerliche withouten faile
The grete peple he gan aſaile.
So meche folk was ſlawe and ded,
That al Temſe was blod red;
The nombre was veraiment
To and thretti thoſent.
And al ſo ſone ſo hit was night,
To the Ledene Halle thai wente right;
A-fette Joſian with faire meine
To Londen to that riche cite,
And helde a feſte fourtene night
To al that euer come aplight.

Tiding com to king Edgar
That Beues hadde his men forfare:
For is borgeis in is cite
He made del and gret pite,
And ſeide, Ichaue leued me lif
Longe withouten werre and ſtrif,
And now Icham ſo falle in elde
That I ne may min armes welde;
Twei ſones Beues hath with him brought,
Tharfore hit is in me thought
Miles his ſone me doughter take,
In this maner is pes to make.
Thai grauntede al with gode entent,
And king Edgar Beues of ſent,

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And ſire Saber and ſire Gii,
And ſire Miles and ſire Terry,
And king Edgar Miles gan calle
Before his barouns in the halle,
And gaf him is doughter be the honde,
And after is day al Ingelonde;
And pes and loue was maked thare,
Betwene Beues and king Edgare.
The maide and Miles wer ſpuſed ſame
In the toun of Notinghame.
Ye witeth wel though I ne telle yow
The feſte was riale inow,
Aſe ſcholde be at ſwiche a ſpuſing,
And at the kinges couroning;
The feſte leſte fourtene night
To al that euer come aplight,
And at the fourtene night is ende,
Beues tok leue hom to wende
At king Edgar and at Sabere;
And Miles is ſone a-lefte here,
And kiſte and gaf him is bleſſing,
And wente to Mombraunt ther he was king;
And his erldom in Hamteſchire
A-gaf to his em Sabere;
And ſchipede at Hamtoun haſtely,
And with him wente his ſone Gii,
And Terry with is barnage.
The wind blew hardde with gret rage,

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And drof hem in to Ermonie;
Thar be lefte his ſone Gii
With his barouns gode and hende;
And Terry to Aumberthe gan wende,
And Beues wente withoute dwelling
Into Mombraunt thar he was king;
With him wente Joſian is quene,
And leuede with oute treie and tene
Twenti yer, ſo ſaith the bok.
Thanne ſwiche ſikneſſe the leuedi tok,
Out of this world ſhe moſte wende;
Gii, hire ſone, ſhe gan of ſende,
And Terry the riche king,
For to ben at here parting.
And whan thai were alle thare,
To his ſtable Beues gan fare;
Arondel a-fond thar ded,
That euer hadde be gode at nede,
Thar fore him was ſwithe wo;
In to chaumber he gan go,
And ſegh Joſian drawe to dede,
Him was wo a-moſte nede;
And er her body began to colde,
In is armes he gan hire folde,
And thar hii deide bothe i-fere.
Here ſone ne wolde in non manere
That hii in erthe beried were.
Of ſein Lauarauns he let arere

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A faire chapel of marbel fin,
That was i-kaſt with queint engin;
Of gold he made an high cornere,
And leide hem thar in bothe i-fere.
An hous he made of religioun
For to ſinge for ſire Beuoun,
And ek for Joſian the fre;
God on here ſaules haue pite!
And alſo for Arondel,
Yif men for eni hors bidde ſchel.
Thus endeth Beues of Hamtoun.
Godde yeue vs alle is beneſoun!

Amen!

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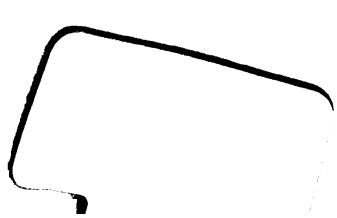
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